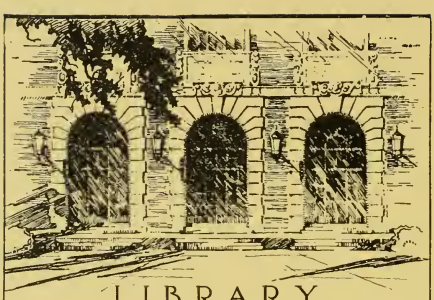

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CHRISTABELLE;

OR,

ANGEL-FOOTSTEPS.

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OR,

ANGEL-FOOTSTEPS.

BY

MRS. ROBERT CARTWRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "LAMIA, A CONFESSION."

"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me! and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast; arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest by labour won,
If so I may attain."

PARADISE LOST, BOOK XI.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHRISTABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently! of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Each day were bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy love; whilst I, a dreaming child,
Wander'd on breeze-like fancies oft away
To some lone tuft of breathing spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh discover'd nook, for woodland play,—
Some secret nest. Yet would the solemn word,
At times with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart's blessings on the holy dead, and thee.

FELICIA HEMANS.

"CHRISTABELLE'S JOURNAL," COMMENCING IN HER TENTH YEAR.

"MAMMA—dear mamma—told me to keep a journal. That was a long time ago, and I have often thought of it since, but I did not know how to begin. To-day, dear grandpapa talked to me about a journal he had once begun, and said how he wished he

had kept one all his life. That made me tell him what dear mamma said, and he told me I ought to begin very soon—now, directly; and, if I took up the pen to do any thing dear mamma told me, the thoughts would come at once. So, as I wish to do all mamma told me, and all that grandpapa tells me, I have begun this very night.

"I have been thinking about my journal all this evening, because it is the first thing I have written by myself, and because grandpapa advised me to do it, and spoke in such a grave, but such a kind tone, as he always does about dear mamma.

"Grandpapa is so kind to us; he says we are to him instead of his lost child, who is in heaven, and whom he cannot wish back again: that we are every thing to him, but he cannot be all to us that our mother could be—he is always so affected when he speaks of these things, and regrets that he cannot see to teach us every thing as he would wish, nor see us happy and merry as children should be; not me, I am sure. I am never sad, but I am never so joyous as Ianthe and Una, dear little things. They come to me

for every thing, and seem so happy, it is a pleasure to me to see them. But whenever they play without me, and that is very often, I feel so much older than them, more than I know I am, and I catch myself thinking about them, and what sort of girls they will grow up, just as good Mrs. Murray does, and that seems to put me above them more than I like, more than ought to be, I am sure. Pray God, allow me to love and help my dear little sisters. Amen.

"I have been reading again what I wrote yesterday. I shall not alter it much. I do not find that I want to change it. Grandpapa says it is better to leave a journal as it is written, and not to look back at it for a year; that is what I will do, and then mend the spelling. I asked Mrs. Murray to look at a few lines, just to see if I was wrong in some things; but she smiled and said, 'No, Christabelle, your journal is your own, your private property, and as you grow older you must learn to keep what is truly your own as safely, as I am sure you would what belongs to other people.' So I am left to take care of myself.

"Writing does not tire me so much as I expected, and I begin to like it very much. At any rate, though I will not tell what I write in my journal, it will help me to make my thoughts straight, and put them in order to talk to dear grandpapa, without puzzling myself, as I do sometimes, when I want to ask him questions.

"Another day has passed, and I am getting quite used to writing my journal. I was not quite sure at first what things to put into it; but this morning, for the first time, grandpapa said, 'There, Christabelle, my dear, there is something to put in your journal.' What was it? Oh, I remember! A gentleman from York called on grandpapa, and told him some new discovery in the stars, and all about the eclipse that is to come some day; and I was told not to go out of the room, 'because, Sir,' said grandpapa (he is so good and kind), 'that child understands quite enough to profit by what you say, though she cannot attain to the reason of it, until her studies bring her to the point at which she will be able to take observations.' Then he said, now God had closed his eyes to the

wonders which, when he had sight, he was never weary of beholding, he felt even greater pleasure in following up, by reason and reflection, the truth and wisdom of the divine Framer of the universe, than even in seeing the starry heavens, as he once did, without comprehending them. These were his own words, every one of them; I will read them again and again, to know all grandpapa means.

"When the gentleman was gone, he turned to me and kissed me, saying, 'We will go when the weather is finer to the observatory, where my assistant shall show you the use of the instruments, and you shall tell me what you see, and I will explain it to you. It will please me even more than it will you, because it will be the useful fruit of years of study.' 'Dear grandpapa,' I said, 'I am afraid I shall never understand it all. 'All, my dear,' said he gravely, 'we shall never understand; such knowledge is too high for us, but you will soon learn enough to encourage you to go on.' Poor grandpapa, he talks as if he could see; I hope he will make use of my eyes, as I shall of his

teaching. It is plain that all he has studied before, gives him so much strength and spirits to go on with now.

"My journal has been left quiet for some days. I even think it better not to write every day, for I sometimes am just going to write the same things twice. Mrs. Murray, who watches what she calls my earnestness, tells me that, now she sees I really am in earnest, it is better not to make a task of my journal, but to keep it by me as a friend. Besides, I must learn to do other things too, and not be always thinking of one thing. There is no fear of my growing tired of it; I write but little at a time, and it will be long, she says, before the events of my life will fill a book.

"I have given my last doll to Ianthe, dear child, she was so glad to have it; she picked up a hollow stick in the walks, and made it do for a telescope in the doll's hands, that it might be very like me. Grandpapa has given me a nice little telescope, that I may begin to observe for myself, as he did when he was a boy: he says I must not expect to make discoveries every time I take

up the glass, and that contemplation will serve to occupy me for many years. Indeed it will, and I wonder how any body can learn so much of the heavens as to feel certain that any thing one sees there is new. 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' I have written that in the beginning of my prayer-book, and at the end: it is my way of seeing God. Mrs. Murray is giving us daily some poetry to learn by heart; some verses relate to the beauties of astronomy, which I can repeat better than all the rest, for they seem to represent what passes in my own heart in looking at the stars. At first, I was afraid I should not make grandpapa understand my thoughts; but it is odd, every thing I have to say on subjects of nature, or what he calls 'deep devotional feeling,' he understands directly, in spite of the little I know of the proper words and expressions. After learning, which I most desire, I want to teach and make my sisters feel the same as me. But I now see what children they are. I love them dearly, but I must not think myself too much above them, or I shall never do them any good.

"Grandpapa spoke beautifully to me to-day, and explained how all nature, and all the wonders of the world depend on the system of the universe, which we study under the name of astronomy; really I think it is that feeling that keeps him up in his blindness, and that what people call the mind's eye, has some truth in it. Now, with some regret certainly, but with still greater satisfaction, he dwells on all he has seen formerly, and speaks nobly sometimes, like the poetry he makes us repeat to him. And I find every day that these high studies, as he calls them, and the practice of writing and reflection, make my life quite another thing from what it was. To be sure, I was very happy before, except when I thought of dear mamma, but I did think I might be dull sometimes, not having enough to do; now, I feel that I need never be dull but by my own fault. I am sure I am doing what would please dear mamma, if she could see it.

"Niccò will come home soon. He will be surprised to see how far I am in my books.

"This morning I went out with grandpapa walking on the green terrace, which is his

favourite walk. He is always more cheerful out in the fresh air; but I think it must be sad for him not to see the trees and the view he knows so well. He took great pains to explain to me the reason of eclipses, and I hope I begin to understand them. While we were talking, the same gentleman from York came to pay a visit, and when he heard me ask what it was that kept the Earth so steady in the sky, not to go one way or the other out of its path, he said, 'It is because God holds it in his hand.' When he was gone, I asked grandpapa quickly if there was not some other cause to account for it; and he answered—'Yes, my dear, there is another way to explain it, which I will tell you; but it is ever one and the same great cause which sustains and moves the whole. You must first, however, learn the theory of attraction and repulsion before you can be capable of understanding it.' This makes me very anxious to learn more, that I may get at the things I want to know most.

"I had a cold, and was not well for a great many days. Mrs. Murray, who is very careful of us all, would not let me write.

She said it was better to rest my mind altogether for a time, or I should lose my sleep and health, which is true; though if we always slept all night, how could we ever admire those beautiful stars? And they are surely made to be admired and studied.

"As soon as I was well again, I was allowed to go on with my journal, and I thought it a good time to look back and review what I wrote a month or two months ago. I was so ashamed! At this second reading I found so many mistakes, and so many faults in spelling, and so much ill written, that I wrote the best part all over again; and so made this, that now is, much shorter and better than before. I must be careful to avoid repetitions, and to write things in as brief a manner as I can. I do not go out yet, the weather is so cold; but I sit on my little chair by grandpapa's side, in his library, and look for passages in books which he wishes to have read to him. So now I know where to find all his favourite books in the shelves, and what most of them are about, too. When I have read, he always talks to me about the subject of the book, and points out which is the best

language, and which are the finest ideas. He will soon have me begin French, and Italian.

"Mrs. Murray is beginning to teach me music, which I like very much. It seems as if it was the study I should like most, because it gives pleasure to me and others at the same time. I do not so much care about singing, though that is very beautiful, too; but I think music is in itself a language that speaks to every heart, by whatever organ it may be expressed.

"Grandpapa has given us all little gardens, out of which we shall bring him nosegays in the summer; I have made mine very pretty already with roses and jessamine; but Ianthe is so idle, she likes running after butterflies better than sowing her mignonette. I do not think I was ever so childish even at her age; though, perhaps, I am not very wise yet.

"Papa has been here for some days; he looks ill, but he is very kind to us. Yet, when dear mamma was with him it was better. He brought us some pretty presents from London, and promised us some more for our birthdays. We told him that Niccò's holidays were coming very, very soon; but

he said he could not stay for that, and went back to London yesterday morning.

"At last, Niccò is come from Eton. He will not let us call it school; he says it is a college. He is so grown I almost thought him a man. Grandpapa asked him some questions, and he answered so quick and readily that he really does not seem like the schoolboys we saw at York. He is so altered that the children did not remember him, and hung down their heads, too shy to speak.

"Some time has passed since I wrote any thing. My time has been variously taken up. The arrival of Niccò has given me a companion; but though, poor boy, he is glad to be at home and to see us all again, I feel that he is not so much a companion and playfellow to me as he was formerly. His boyish sports, and rough play, and hard exercise, are very good for him, but they do not quite suit our quiet house. Yet he is always very kind and good-natured to me, and very attentive to grandpapa, which is very pleasing to see, though he minds nothing that any body says. He has a horse, which he will by no means allow to

be called a pony, and rides very hard, and, as every body says, very well. I am sure he looks better on it than any body I ever saw ride, except papa, when he brings down his fine Arabian horse from London. Nobody, I am sure, can beat that. And it is odd, papa and Niccò, though they never ride together, they ride exactly in the same free, bold way, so manly and daring, yet skilful and sure.

"Niccò is gone back to Eton. He tells me he will soon be in the sixth form, that is, the head of the school. Though he is wild and careless, I am sure he is clever, and his heart is good. He was so glad to see my little sisters, but said he did not think they were so little till he saw them again. His first and last words to me were, to hope my poor arm was quite well: now I am sure that old accident is heavy on his mind still, though it was so long ago, and I am quite well. It is more likely he will break his own arm some fine day climbing after the herons' nests, or up and down the ladder against our old towers, which he is so fond of, to look for owls. The grooms, keepers, and every body, are

ready to do any thing for Master Nicholas; but Mrs. Murray says his being here will not help our studies. Ianthe and Una are full of admiration at his pranks, and he is very good-natured in playing with them, though they get a few tumbles, and their frocks are none the neater for his romps. Now he is gone I shall work hard again, both at my lessons, and my dear, dear journal.

"Another week has passed, and, as I have began to read new books, and even some part of ancient history, I can look back a little upon my studies. I see the difference now plainly between the first books we are given to read, and the more forward ones. First, I had only to understand what I read as I went on; now I have to think back upon what I have read. Children do not think, and their reading the best books is no better for them than spelling, with a puzzle for their poor heads into the bargain. Mrs. Murray says I am getting on, and grandpapa gave me a beautiful little brooch for a reward, and what was the best reward, he said it was because he thought I was growing to be like my dear mother—

that is, in mind, for he cannot see me, poor dear grandpapa. I did not expect such praise for twenty years. It is my wish, and habit, and practice to try and think over all I can remember about my dear mamma, and how little it is! to be able to tell my sisters what they ought to know about her, but what they can never learn except through me. They shall not be ignorant of what they have lost; some day I will tell them all I know about mamma.

"My reading has been lately in the Greek and Roman histories. I am very much interested in the events; but the characters seem so different from any one can possibly meet with now-a-days, that I think there is not much to learn from them. I shall, however, be able to talk to Niccò about Cæsar and Alexander, two great heroes of his, when he comes back from Eton College. Perhaps, the use of reading these books is only to lead us to others which bring the history down to our own times. The science and philosophy of the ancients is what I want to come to; for grandpapa often refers to them when he is explaining various sub-

jects of knowledge to me; but both he and Mrs. Murray laugh when I beg them to let me read Plato.

"I do long so to read more poetry; but I suppose it is the very last thing people read, and that after that they read nothing else. At present, I know only a few little poems which I dote on, and can say them by heart quite perfect. So many thoughts crowd upon me all at once—that is, since I have begun writing—that I feel more than ever the want of expressions, because the finest feelings are nothing without power of language. I mean, that without correct and well-chosen terms, one may as well keep one's thoughts to one's self.

"Time passes, and that very pleasantly to me, because I like my books and studies. We rise at seven, and all meet in the schoolroom to say the short prayers dear mamma, by her dying request, ordered never to be omitted. Mrs. Murray will have us all begin the day together, and in that manner, because, she says, we shall never feel like sisters during the day if we do not begin so. I then read something from the Bible with

her while sisters go back to their breakfast in the nursery, but I have my bread and milk with her. After breakfast, my general reading and writing, and French and grammar, and translating begin, and then my music and drawing alternate days, and then we take a walk in the park before dinner, which is at one.

"After dinner, it is time for all my other lessons till we go out again, driving, in a little beautiful pony chaise that grandpapa had made for us, and which Niccò is sometimes allowed to drive when at home; but he frightens me very much with his whip, and he drives the ponies so fast! Sometimes the groom cries, 'Steady! Master Nicholas!' and Mrs. Murray is so fearful of what may happen!

"Then we come in to tea; grandpapa often makes us drink tea with him, as he dines early; I like that so much. He talks to me as much as to Mrs. Murray, and every time he tells me some new curious thing. He asks a great deal after my studies, and when I told him all I had learned, he said, 'Why, you will leave Mrs. Murray

no time to teach your sisters.' He did not know, dear grandpapa, that I am teaching Ianthe her letters by myself. I shall help Mrs. Murray with the little ones by and bye; I see that.

"After tea, I sit up for an hour with her in the governess's room, not the school-room, but where her good pianoforte is, and she talks to me about various subjects, or I talk to her, and ask questions of my own. Or, sometimes she plays to me; for she thinks it good for me to hear the best sort of music long before I can play it, to fix my ear and my taste. Sometimes, when Ianthe has been very good, she sits up for a treat half an hour only, and then we have fairy tales and stories. But, in general, the children are being put to bed when we are sitting up. Our prayers at night are separate, each by herself, as we are alone at night, and not together, as in the day. So we go through the day, and sleep happily at night, thank God.

"Mrs. Murray says, dear mamma was brought up in the selfsame manner, so she knows how to do with us: and that we have

the advantage of being three, while poor mamma was alone. Alone in her lessons, and in her plays, and every thing. Certainly one can learn alone, and better; but to play alone, or live alone, must be very sad. I cannot learn much with the children, of course; but we can play very well together, and they amuse me very much on a rainy day. When Niccò is at home, we play more out of doors, and he tries to make us play at horses, or cricket, and all sorts of his games.

"Some months have passed since I last wrote. I have not been ill; but I am told it is not good for me to write much while I have pains in my chest. I am now better, and so rejoiced to begin my journal again. During this time Niccò has been at home again—he is always glad to see me, yet I think he is something changed. This winter he began to hunt and to shoot, and was all day out with his horse or his gun, so I saw less of him than usual—he wants to go into the army, and is always reading or asking questions about a soldier's life. Our old groom was a soldier in Spain, and is so happy

to talk over his old campaigns with Master Nicholas.

"One day, Mrs. Murray took us a drive to York; this was so new to us all, we liked it very much. We went to the shops, and to the Minster, and heard a little of the chanting of the cathedral service. This was quite new to me, and I was transported with it. We went afterwards through the city; and Nicholas, who, with unusual politeness, offered to show us the town, put up his horse, and took a pride in walking us, till we were tired, through the gayest streets and shops, taking us a mile out of our way to avoid seeing his detested old school. His manly bold manner attracted the attention of people more than I liked.

"Afterwards, we went to some shops, where I was to lay out my money. But first I will tell how I got it: indeed, I shall never forget how.

"Grandpapa always gives us something on our birthdays. This year he called me, and asked how I got on with my arithmetic. I told him what rules I knew, and he encouraged me to attend to it, because calcu-

lation is the basis of all philosophy, and especially of what he knew to be my favourite branch, as it had been his own, namely—Astronomy. Those were his words.

"'But,' said he, 'are you not doing sums in money, too?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but not much. I do not understand the value of money. Mrs. Murray says it is the last lesson people ever learn, and I have so much to learn before I come to that.' Grandpapa laughed very much, and said it was time I should begin a lesson that was only accomplished so late, and then gave me a pound, a shilling, and a penny, in gold, silver, and copper, that I might know, that £. s. d. were real and tangible things, whether to hold or to spend. I kept them in a little purse I had netted myself, longing for the day when I could go to York, and learn the value of money.

"Well, the day came, as I have written, and at last we were in a nice bookseller's shop; and I thought I could never please myself, and went round and round asking the price of every book except the great dictionaries. So at last, when I saw good

Mrs. Murray's patience was a little tired, and Niccò was laughing at me, I chose boldly at once a volume of select poems of Goldsmith and others, that cost five shillings and sixpence, so beautifully bound—a little neat red volume with gold leaves; I thought it so cheap, and two picture-books for Ianthe and Una, for I could not bear to leave them out of the bargains I was sure I was making, with the first money I ever had of my own.

"As I had still a great many shillings left, I whispered Mrs. Murray to go into a most beautiful shop opposite, where were the finest dresses I ever saw in my life; but when I got there I did not know what to buy, and was confused, when dear Mrs. Murray helped me to choose some ribbons and handkerchiefs for Nurse Johnson, and I hurried away delighted.

"We had lost Niccò, who could not possibly think of being seen in a lady's shop, and found him parading up and down the public walk, admiring some cavalry officers and their handsome horses, not without a wish to join their tempting regiment. He

talked of cavalry, artillery, and nothing else, for some days after this excursion.

"Coming home, he showed us some of his would-be military evolutions on horseback, which very nearly ended in a fall—neither himself nor his horse having been trained in the *manège*. We got home late, quite delighted with such novelty. Una and Ianthe came about me directly to hear what I had seen, and when I gave them their picture-books, they were overjoyed beyond measure. Grandpapa was really glad to hear what I had done with my money, particularly that I had brought some back—four shillings and the penny—which I mean to give to the old woman that weeds our gardens, or to buy her some warm gloves with it. I ought to have bought them at York—I am ashamed not to have thought of it in time.

"Niccò is gone back to Eton. Papa is here; he seems pleased with us, but a little hurt at the children's shyness. Why does he not come oftener? I am always so glad to see him—it puts me in mind of dear mamma. When he is here we go down-stairs after dinner, but not at other times. Now and

then some gentlemen come to dine with grandpapa, but not often.

"We went to call this morning at the clergyman's, where we go sometimes to see his children; one girl is just my age, one is older, and two younger: they are the only young ladies we know. Their brothers go shooting and fishing with Nicholas, in the winter or spring, and are his only companions here. Grandpapa and papa talked some time together with Mrs. Murray to-day, and I was told to bring my books, and was praised for my progress—my writing and extract books, however, were thought rather scanty, when papa was told for the first time of my writing a journal. He approved of it very much, and also that it should be kept entirely to myself, not to encourage writing for display. Then he said, 'Mrs. Murray, Mr. Lovel agrees with me that you might give Christabelle now and then the company of Mr. Gray, the clergyman's daughters, if they are girls whose manners and dispositions you approve of. It is time my children should see some young ladies' society of nearly their own age, and Mr. Lovel does not wish to

alter the quiet routine of this house, or to go far for society.' So it was settled that the Miss Grays should be asked to drink tea with us some day next week.

"This novelty, and the changes which I see gradually preparing for me, make me think and dream a great deal. Ianthe is so grown, too, I see that I must seem older in proportion. Grandpapa has been so kind in letting me see some young friends here, I often wish to tell him how much I feel it. I dream that mamma looks down upon me, and points to my sisters: really I must look after them more. Ianthe wishes to be thought a great girl, but she cannot bear to give up her playthings yet. Una is her shadow, and imitates her in every thing. If she is to play the great girl, too, it will be ridiculous. However, as long as they cannot write without lines they are safe enough. God grant I may do what is right for them! Mamma often told me they would depend on me for a great many things.

"One day, when sitting as usual in the library with grandpapa, waiting to know what book I should read to him, he said,

'Take your dear mother's favourite book, Milton's Paradise Lost; this is her birthday, and your voice now reminds me so much of her, that I wish to hear the opening lines of that sublime poem once more, as she, not much older than you, used to read them to me, seated in that very chair.' I was but too happy to obey, but trembled, as if taking upon me some mysterious task to which I was unequal. I found the book, having often seen the back in the shelves, and began.

"To me, passionately fond of poetry, and living hitherto on my favourite little book bought at York, and the few 'Verses, Lines, Stanzas,' &c., which girls learn by rote, the noble poem which I now opened for the first time gave the sensation of a new world. I began with fear and awe, then, elevated by the subject, I read on with enthusiasm, which carried me through those grand passages that I have since read over with a sentiment of distant devotion that I can hardly describe. I had not read far, when grandpapa, whose deeply attentive countenance I shall never forget, shaded his eyes—not from light, alas!—and after a long struggle, burst into

tears, called me Cornelia, his child, and kissed me. It was impossible to proceed; I begged to go on with Milton, and since then have read some portions every day, with increasing pleasure, as it always draws on some conversation about my dearest mamma. Grandpapa, though so much affected at having her brought to his mind, was evidently touched by my earnest desire to enter into whatever might recall her memory.

" I continued almost daily to read Milton aloud; and I remember that when I came to that affecting passage where Milton alludes to his own blindness—' *knowledge at one entrance quite shut out*'—I paused, and fell sobbing on my dear grandfather's neck. He felt the allusion of course to his own misfortune, and said to me with a deep expression of calmness and resignation; ' Weep not for me, my dearest child, who, if Heaven have bereaved me of one faculty, have still the enjoyment of so many blessings. I have during so many years profited by what God has given me, I will not repine at what he has taken away. Your mother

was more to me than light to these old eyes. I had seen the glories of God in the works of nature and the universe; now I can reflect upon them. How much worse is the case of those stricken with blindness in youth; for to them is denied even the power of gaining knowledge in its most attractive and advantageous form, whatever their abilities may be! To me, at my age, deafness as complete as my loss of sight, would be a greater deprivation. I could then not hear the sweet voice of my grandchildren, sweeter that it now recalls the voice of her that is gone."

"This idea comprehended every thing—I knew how much his mind would have lost in other respects, by the want of friendly conversation, by the impossibility of communicating even with us—and of hearing my little music, which now began to give him pleasure.

"In a word, these readings in the library helped more than any thing to make me acquainted with my dear grandfather, and to form my taste and feed my mind with information drawn from his ample stores

developed in conversation. Sometimes, when he alluded to my mother, I pursued the subject so far as to ask—and I could not have asked of a better monitor—if I might believe that her spirit could behold her still dutiful children, endeavouring all they could to follow her footsteps, revering her name, and sincerely trying to become all she might have wished them in sisterly love and in future conduct? At first, my grandfather kindly told me these things were too high for me—that I had better for the present indulge my affectionate feelings without too daring a curiosity—and that hereafter I might search the Scriptures, and know all that was to be known. But, when he found that I thought deeply, as far as I was capable, on the subject, that my excited imagination was really disturbed by these unsettled thoughts, he determined to enter more fully into the matter.

"So, one day, after I had been reading some fine passage of Milton, pointing out in visionary distance to our first parents the doctrine of a future state, he bade me turn to another, unfolding the existence

of angels and spirits of various rank in the heavenly host, and then to shut the book.

"'My child,' he began, 'you know enough of your Bible to understand the position of man in this world as the lord of the creation, with regard to all below him,—as the image of God, not, alas! in perfection, but in his intellectual qualities as a reflection, though a dim one, of the Great Power above him. Now, our mental capacities enable us by his marvellous help to investigate and to judge of almost all creation inferior to us, but of little indeed of that part which is superior to us. We can see and estimate the beings that intervene between us and brute matter, and conclude justly that man is infinitely superior to them, if not in physical, at least in moral attributes. It is evident that our superiority is allowed to give us that insight into the respective places, or rather the immense distance, between man and the animal creation.

"'But when we look upwards, how is the case altered! At what a vast, immeasurable depth are we not below Omnipotence,

in moral, intellectual, and physical power! Here we are as clearly at the bottom of the scale, as with regard to material nature we were at the top of it. Nor, with such conscious inferiority, is it wonderful that we are so incapable of estimating the degrees that may, that must exist, between weak man and the Deity, of whom he is, in a moral sense, the distant and imperfect reflection.

"'Man, the image of God! what a poor, impotent reflection! as unequal to Him in moral excellence as in physical power. The analogy of the scale of being below us, gives probability to the existence of a similar scale of being above us, even were not a word said on the subject in Holy Writ. But the existence of a mysterious and glorious company of heaven is there announced. We search after angels lost to us on earth; and among that high and holy company, in one of the many mansions of our Father's house, to which the souls of the good and the humble may be appointed by God's righteous judgment and mercy, I trust in faith we may once more meet in some unknown, but real, sentient form of eternal life.'

"Overcome with emotion, my venerable grandfather bowed his head and kissed me. I, of course, could attempt no reply; I treasured his words, and took them to ponder on in silence.

"After this, I was often sent for to bring my work into the library, where, without reading much, which was then thought to hurt my chest, I was, by my ever kind grandpapa, led on to the discussion of deeper subjects than I should otherwise ever have arrived at.

"One evening, when he was taking his coffee, he sent for the two children, and Mrs. Murray coming with them, he said—'You must give Christabelle some older books now; she has an inquiring mind, and must be supplied with the best materials we can give her.'

"A new era in my life was dawning on me. It was decided I should have a German subgoverness to teach me, and in time my sisters, languages, and some other accomplishments, particularly a better style of music than I could get masters for in the country. I was told that in a few weeks Mademoiselle

Hedwig Hoffmann would arrive from Dresden, with the best recommendations, and I began to look forward with eagerness to this proposed extension of my studies. This would relieve Mrs. Murray of part of her labours; the more necessary, as it was high time for the romping, but engaging little Ianthe, to be regularly submitted to the controul of the school-room.

"I was again for a period confined by a succession of slight illnesses, which, however, alarmed my grandfather and Mrs. Murray, and I was not during that time troubled with lessons. They knew my willingness to learn when I could, and spared me.

"I am now well again, and, besides my common music, make attempts to sing ballads and light airs, which amuse grandpapa, without too much exertion to my voice. When I am stronger, I hope to do better. Every body in the house was so kind to me when I was poorly, it increases my feeling of the dependence of one poor weak person on the rest of the world—how can every one deserve the care and attention they meet

with through life? I hope for opportunities to repay it, and to show my gratitude.

"My birthday is come round again. Grandpapa sent for me to come alone. I wondered what it could be for. When I came up to him and kissed his hand, he embraced me with great affection, and told me to bring him a casket that stood on a marble table not far off, from which he took a letter, telling me it was the most precious gift he could bestow. With surprise, I saw it was addressed, 'To my dearest Christabelle, if, please God, she attains her ..... birthday.'

"My eyes filled instantly with tears. It was indeed a letter left by my dearest mother, to be given to me on this blessed day. I opened it with a feeling of love and veneration not to be described, and kissed it again and again. I read it first in silence, and then, a gentle touch from grandpapa on my forehead, though he did not speak, prompted me to read it aloud.

"It began by invoking blessings on all her children, and giving thanks to the Almighty for the happiness she had enjoyed with them: then, after saying in the most

affectionate terms that she acknowledged no favourite among them, proceeded to impress upon me, should I reach a competent age, or even that at which this last request was to be conveyed to me—that I was to consider myself as the moral guardian of my sisters; to watch over their education, correct their errors, and guide their path in as far as power should be given me to advise and protect them.

"My heart rose as I read these passages; for I was conscious that, as far as I had it in my power, I had already spontaneously fulfilled the injunctions of our beloved parent.

"The letter further commended to me the friendly care of the orphan Nicholas, enjoined me to treat him as a brother, and a charge whom Providence had thrown in the way of our family, never to be deserted by it. It concluded by desiring me to continue to consider my grandfather and Mrs. Murray as my best friends after my father; and by recommending me to the care of God, whose daily worship would be my never-failing help and resource, in whatever troubles might beset me through life.

"My grandfather as well as myself was deeply affected: after a time he said, 'Christabelle, you are old and sensible enough to understand the responsibility placed on you by an authority you must ever revere; I think you will gradually, and even soon, become quite equal to it, and, if my good opinion will encourage you, I can assure you it is yours,—and your best friend, Mrs. Murray, authorizes me to say as much for her.'

"I was too much overcome to reply, and retired to my room to read, and almost to devour, my precious letter.

"What struck me most in it, as well as in grandfather's observations, was the novelty of my being addressed as a person already steady enough to reason upon such serious concerns as were there touched upon, and even to lead my sisters in the way they should go. It was a great temptation to vanity, to be treated so much like a grown up person—but the serious aspect of the duties before me, kept down all such feelings. Nature prompted me to rush to my dear little sisters, and, embracing them, and making them

kiss our poor mother's testimony of a love even beyond the grave, I wept over them, and told them I would be their mother. Poor things, they could not then understand my words; but it was a relief to my own heart, and that was good for me. I went immediately to Mrs. Murray, and showed her the letter—she was already aware of its contents, having been consulted by my mother when she wrote it.

"She kindly confirmed all my grandfather had said, and gave me at once some useful hints for my conduct towards my sisters. 'Remember,' she said, 'advice which I have given you before; you are now at an age when, for some years to come, you will feel older than your sisters, to a degree that has not been the case when you were all children, and will not be again when women. But in the mean time, beware lest shyness and distance grow up between you, which may create estrangement of feeling and confidence, never to be regained. Be always sisters, put up with their childish ways, and believe me you will be rewarded not only by your own conscience and the satisfaction

you will have in obeying your mother's dying request, but also by finding, when they shall be grown up, that you have formed them to be the dearest and truest friends to yourself, and an honour and credit to your family.'

"It is not necessary for me to put to paper all my feelings on this occasion. I can never forget them during life.

"Mademoiselle Hoffmann is to come the day after to-morrow. I am curious to see her; for, though I have a vague remembrance of having been abroad, I have been so unused to foreigners that I feel rather perplexed. I am sure, however, that I have no foolish prejudices; but it must surely take a little more time to accustom one's self to persons of a totally different nation than to one's own.

"I have lately, in pursuance of my plans with regard to my sisters, been much with them in the garden; there is a large old walnut-tree on the rising ground at the end of the lawn, where we assemble for our little games, in which I sometimes join, sometimes sit quiet on a stool with my work, or a book. My way is never to refuse to play with them;

but if they play by themselves, to watch their tempers, and see how they take little disappointments, and bear with the various accidents, of a game of any kind. Mrs. Murray approves of this, and often joins me. When they go in, I have a delightful hour to myself, under the shady canopy, drawing the view towards the distant woods, which I cannot yet do to satisfy myself—it is so very pretty—or else, sitting in my honeysuckle-arbour, I read some of the nice little books of poetry which grandpapa tells me used to be my dear mamma's earliest favourites. I am growing so fond of poetry—it will be my comfort through life! It raises my thoughts till my heart beats, and I think of it even at night in bed.

"I am never tired of listening to grandpapa's explanations of astronomy; now he can no longer make experiments, his greatest pleasure is to talk of his most favourite science, and to instruct me in it. Of an evening, I frequently read to him the latest discoveries from a journal which he takes in, which he explains as I go on. Once more, after reading a sublime passage in Milton, I

could not help saying,—'Grandpapa, do you not think there is something kindred between poetry and astronomy; for I find my heart swell and my head throb with contemplating the grand ideas suggested by both of them?' 'Yes, my dear,' said he, 'harmony is the ruling attribute of each of them; the splendour of the one, the soft sounds of the other, would be thrown away without that master spirit which gives them life and meaning. That master spirit is nothing less in my mind than an emanation of divinity. I am pleased that you take up the results of your studies in this way; but I see you are almost too sensitive to indulge in such notions at your age.' 'But, grandpapa, 'if both come from God, both must be good; and will not either study at least help me to an idea of heaven?'

"' I should be sorry to check your beautiful aspirations; but you must beware lest they carry you into the regions of fancy. Nevertheless, when I first saw through my telescope the evidently snowy poles of Mars, with the sunny tropical region between them, I could not but think that the Almighty may have

prepared that and other planets for the abode of living rational beings, whether above or below the scale of man; and when we read that 'My Father's house hath many mansions,' one cannot resist, even as a philosopher, the conjecture, that these heavenly abodes may be intended by the expression. It is one of the great profits we draw from science, that we are able to prove the possibility of various things; that point once arrived at, the confessed omnipotence of the Power who has framed the universe, and his purely spiritual nature, of which we are a reflection, will at once account for the possibility of a local habitation for us after our death to this world, and the reanimation of our souls in whatever part of the creation he may please to assign to us. Convinced of the possibility, not doubting the power, I cannot disbelieve the revelation.'

"Dearest mother, you hear your venerable father with all his knowledge and eloquence instructing your humble child! You have bequeathed to her your pious aspirations after that learning which surpasses all earthly wisdom; and God grant she may profit by

those wise lessons he so affectionately bestows upon her, not only for herself, but for the future benefit of her dear sisters!

"Mdlle. Hoffmann is arrived. Mrs. Murray and I went down immediately to receive her, and to make some little acquaintance with her before the children were brought in.

"She is a pleasing person in looks and manners, and I think I shall like her. Our conversation was but general, and we did not enter then upon the subject of our intended studies. Next Monday, I am to begin both French and German with her, and Mrs. Murray is to judge when the little ones may join us; so far at least as to enable them to catch the accent and pronunciation of the two languages, as well as a few familiar words, by ear. I think it too soon to write about her yet; but I must say I like her music, of which she gave us a specimen very much to my taste, and I am glad to learn of a proper teacher at last.

"The love of music had always been latent in me, and the very few opportunities I had ever had of hearing any, had been to me the highest treats.

"My grandfather encouraged this, and I was busy composing privately a little song with words for him, but when I should find courage to sing it to him I could not tell. I resolved to gain a little more musical instruction from my new governess before making the trial.

"Nicholas is come home again. He is immensely grown. He is very like that picturesque figure by Salvator Rosa, in the picture over the fireplace in our drawing-room. People generally call him very handsome, but his manners are very decided and impetuous. He is certainly altered, but still very fond of me—that is, of looking at me, when at my music—of which he is passionately fond, having heard more than I have, especially the fine bands at Windsor. Military music makes his eyes sparkle, and his countenance glow with unnatural ardour. He is frequently reminding me of having broken my arm, and of having slapped my face when he first saw me, an infant—as if those reminiscences were to make me like him better. He is bold and manly, but has outgrown our gentle sports, and I fear to

ride my pony with his wild chestnut horse in company now—and his boating I never was fond of. The children are sometimes, but rarely, allowed to be rowed by him on the lake; he takes care of them, but I would rather see them on shore. Ianthe delights in it, and thinks she is at sea; not knowing the reality of peril, poor child, she is charmed with the idea. Una, who is her shadow, wishes to like it too; but though she always goes, she is, in her little heart, afraid of the water. Nicholas is more playful with the little ones than with me; he seems to patronize them, and leads them through brake and through brier, to the great discomfiture of frocks and bonnets, and the unutterable astonishment of the German governess.

"Niccò says Ianthe will be a fine spirited creature. She is an idle one already, but such a good heart! I cannot bear to find fault with her; but it is time she should get on with her lessons a little faster. She has already caught up a few words of French and German, which she utters with such a sweet air and perfect accent, that Mdlle. is charmed with her, and tells her long stories

about Germany and German children, and their Christmas trees, which rivet the attention of the little ones.

"Una has taken up a pretty, but very inconvenient taste for pet creatures—she has her canaries, her doves, so tame that they nestle in her bosom. She has begged, and of course obtained, a beautiful young spotted fawn, which follows her about all over the park, and will, I think (like most very shy animals when tamed), end by being very troublesome. She wishes for a tiny little kitten she has seen in one of the cottages—but, in the interest of the fair doves, I have begged her to forego this mixture of the lion and lamb.

" Una is like a dove herself, so fair, so soft and gentle; every body loves her as she loves her pets. She is not near so clever as Ianthe, whose quickness has this advantage, that it leads Una on: but I must take care that she imitates Ianthe's progress, without copying her indolence. Una, with her flaxen hair, and transparent rose-like complexion, would make a good picture, with the dark, but expressive and highly-coloured features

of Ianthe. Mademoiselle Hoffmann, who is really very clever, has begun a sketch of the two girls in colours, the progress of which I am attentively watching. Her process is an original one; she uses no pencil, no black lead or line in the whole drawing: every thing from beginning to end is drawn, filled up, and finished in colour; first, with coloured chalks, and then washed in with colour as it is to stand. I am to begin to learn this method next week.

"She is very accomplished, and seems glad to find so many good pictures as we have here. It was a great joy to her to find that the beautiful picture of dear mamma and me in the library was painted by a German artist; for she has the national feeling—or nationalität—as she calls it, in a strong degree. When I named Mayer as the painter, she was eager to know whether it was her friend Bernhard Mayer of Dresden, Gaspar Mayer of Leipzig, or some other Mayer of some other place; about which I could only say he was a clever artist, who travelled with papa, and was much esteemed by him, and now painted in London, but had come down to Cheyne once or

twice for a short visit, and left some country sketches and other studies, which had hitherto been my only sources of instruction in the art.

"That portrait had been my constant object of love and reverence from my early childhood; I could remember sitting on mamma's knee to be like it—for, as it represented me as almost a baby, I could not recollect its being painted—and mamma telling me she loved that picture because I was in it. Now, how I love that picture because she is in it! Ianthe is also in it, but quite a little infant. We go and look at it very often. One day I found my little dear Una, gazing intently on it, and saying—'Dear mamma, why am I not there with you? I would so like to be with you, dear mamma.' The background is the same large tree, and woods, and church, that I am so fond of. A few minutes' speaking to that dear picture would bring on such an illusion, that I thought I actually saw the beloved countenance change, its lips move as if to answer me—if alone, I trembled; if the other children were with me, I felt it less. Mrs. Mur-

ray fears I am growing nervous, and tells me that those good natural feelings are what the wicked impose upon and turn to superstition. I can only speak to her, who is my best friend, on such a private subject.

"Ianthe is so idle, yet so engaging, I do not know how to manage her; I am glad to call in Mrs. Murray's authority, more frequently than I could wish.

"Mademoiselle begins to be more at home with us; she takes to me very much, because, she says, I have more feeling for German sensibility and imagination than my sisters —poor things, they are not old enough to understand her! She interests me a good deal with her accounts of the different opinions that divide Germany at present on most subjects connected with philosophy and religion. She seems to side with the imaginative party, and esteems the most highly the system, whatever it be, that offers the most romantic combinations. I enjoy her speculations, but am far from agreeing with her conclusions.

"Nicholas is become too headstrong and riotous. I hear he is to be sent to Hanover

to learn German, and to begin his military education. He is not averse to that in itself; but he suspects it is the suggestion of our governess, which makes him morose and discontented. He is always boating or swimming in the lake, or galloping over the moors; he will make a good soldier. I wish to do by him all mamma desired; but he is older than I, and every way out of my influence or controul.

"Mrs. Murray takes me and my sisters now and then into the poor people's cottages; not often, because she says she knows how much that is overdone in many families: that it is sufficient if we are known to them, taking care that no reasonable advantage shall be lost to the village whether we go much or little among them. We go preferably to those cottages where there are any old folks, or infirm or wounded persons, or children. Ianthe is hardly steady enough for such a service; she does not feel the importance of it, and would rather play with the cat, if there is one, or pull the rosemary or honeysuckle to pieces, than take notice of the poor children. Una is much more ready

with them, and will help to spell over a verse or two of the Bible with those of her age, and tells them artlessly she likes to do so. She will be a general favourite, dear little thing!

"How wise and considerate Mrs. Murray is! To-day she paid me as usual a little allowance grandpapa has kindly given me for some time past, and which I ought to have set down before; and now for the first time, she hinted to me that I may one day have a great deal of money, and an estate. She did not tell me this as a fine piece of news, but because I ought to know it. This must be by the direction of grandpapa. I knew nothing about it, and now she said only just that. I am so happy as I am, and have every thing any body can want, that it makes no difference to me. Whatever I have, my sisters shall have half. But what is most pleasing to me is, that I am sure that Mrs. Murray, if she had not highly approved of me lately, would rather have advised grandpapa not to mention it yet.

"Nicholas is gone off to Germany; the house is certainly quieter without him, poor

fellow! We all wish him well; but he must take care of himself, now he is out in the world. Ianthe has lost a playfellow; but she will escape the risk of growing up a wild romp.

"Mademoiselle Hoffmann's peculiarities are not unobserved by Mrs. Murray: she takes little notice of them, however, and with our music, and work, and literature, in which both take a pleasure which turns to my advantage, we get on very well. We speak French, as a rule, with Mademoiselle always, except at our meals, when German is the order of the day; as soon as we are perfect in the terms of the dinner-table, we are to transfer our conversation in that language to some other hour and occupation. It is horribly difficult; nevertheless, I am determined to succeed in it.

"The children are not backward in their ideas of their own capacities. Now Ianthe wants to write a journal, and Una to keep a school, because they see me occupied with such things. It is difficult to make them understand that they are not fit for them yet.

"Every body tells me I am not looking

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well; it is true, I am grown so much taller that I hardly seem to belong to the children; but I have no pain; how then can I be ill?

"Papa is coming down next week; we shall be so glad to see him, and I in particular have much to show him.

"The evenings have been so very fine lately, that grandpapa has taken me several times in his little chaise, along the grass-terrace in the park, to his observatory. In the early part of the year we did the same, to hear the nightingales; but now the nights are darker and better for observation, and he wishes me to look out for the comet with his great glass, and report whatever I see to him as he takes his coffee.

"We have been there now three times, and I like the employment very much; I could sit up all night watching that beautiful comet moving majestically through the heavens. Grandpapa always makes some instructive remarks at these times, and says that he will be too old when my sisters grow up to be of any use to them; so he confides his ideas to me, partly for them. For the

night cometh, when no man can work! How good he is! What a fine old age!

"After coming home last night, I was so faint that they put me to bed immediately. I am not well to-day, and the children are not, as usual, in my room. Grandpapa has looked in twice.

"I had just done writing this two days ago, when I fainted again, and I was advised not to write. But now, with my desk, I can write without stooping, and it is no pain. I sit up in my nice, happy, little room, quiet, but with curious ideas of stars and heaven. I look out at the church tower, dear mamma's resting-place, and know not what to wish for. I want to see the dear children, but they have only been brought in once; and then so quiet.

"I am better. Mrs. Murray, who has been always within sight, but always silent, never answering my questions, tells me I must write less; but I so love this dear journal!

"She says papa will be here to-morrow, and she must know more exactly how I feel. 'I think, my dear,' said she, 'your starlight studies wear your mind, and make you dream,

if they do not keep you from sleeping.' 'No,' I said, 'I never quite dream, but I seem to think in my sleep, sometimes most clearly and brightly, sometimes most confusedly. The illusion of place and time is never sufficient to be a real dream. Sometimes, I never sleep at all. But all this wears me very much. My higher studies and religion, on one hand—my little sisters and their cares, on the other—fill my thoughts, sleeping and waking. I can neither direct nor arrest them when in that trance-like state. But I have no pain. I am weak, certainly. I am not nervous; for I do not shake or start.' 'That is not sufficient, dear Christabelle; you want more advice, and I shall speak to the duke, whenever he comes, about it.'

"Two days after. Papa has been here since yesterday morning. He was so alarmed about me that he sent an express for Dr. M'Leod, whom I have so often heard of, to come down and see me.

"Two days more. Dr. M'Leod says I am in no danger; but must be taken great care of. He was so affected when he saw me, and so kind. He said I was a child of Bethlehem.

That, too, will keep me awake this night. Blessed thought! I am to go to town for advice with Mrs. Murray and Annette. This is the last I am allowed to write for a long time to come; but I must obey."

CHAPTER II.

"Luego como nací, murió mi madre:
Á te quedé yo niño encommendado:
Dejoteme mi madre por tutora:
Del vientre de mi madre en tí fue echado;
Murió mi madre, desechóme mi padre,
Tú sola eres padre y madre ahora."

LUIS DE LEON.

"Graciosamente estando,
Graciosamente andando,'
Blando ayre respirava al prado ameno
Ella cantava, y juntamente el seno
Inchiendose yva de diversas flores
En que el prado era lleno
Sobre verde variado en mil colores."

SAA DE MIRANDA.

My illness, for such it soon really became, interrupted for a long time the course both of my studies and other occupations, among which my favourite one, my beloved journal, was necessarily to be laid aside. The blank which this occasioned weighed heavily on me, though I knew that the privation was both salutary and temporary; and I think that,

though my health may have benefited by cessation from work, my spirits were for a time lower in consequence.

"To go back, then, to my departure from Cheyne. I was brought under the care of Mrs. Murray, which I cannot mention without tears of gratitude, by easy journeys to London. We spoke little on the road, quiet being strictly enjoined; she tried to avoid every occasion of exciting me, by answering my natural questions about London, and actually succeeded in bringing me to my father's house in Grosvenor Square, in that more than half sleepy state which is less exposed to startling breaks than slumber itself. When we arrived I was immediately led up-stairs to bed, and only opened my eyes to embrace my father, after which I fell into a deep and happy state of unconsciousness.

"This lasted till late the next day, when I awoke, and found my dear friend seated by my bedside. Her presence was absolutely necessary to convince me that I was not in a dream. Fatigued as I had been with my journey, I had not health enough at that time to profit directly even from such a pro-

found repose as I had experienced. Weariness was gone—at least, I felt it not till I moved; but I found myself heated and unrefreshed. It was decided that I should not leave my room that day.

"Have I seen papa?" I said.

"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Murray, "and he is anxious in the extreme to know how you are this morning; but he waits till Dr. M'Leod shall have given his report of you!"

"The doctor soon after entered, and, having asked the usual questions, said that he was glad to see me at last in London, and that I must be kept quite quiet till the afternoon. I might then, if I felt disposed, quit my bed, and sit up in an easy-chair, when he would bring a friend to see me. He then stepped out of the room, and spoke a few words to my father, whose voice I recognised in the passage, and they both returned together to my bedside.

"My father looked at me with intense anxiety and affection: indeed, I had never seen him so much agitated before. 'How like she seems now.....,' whispered he to

Mrs. Murray. I conjectured that he alluded to my mother; my bosom heaved, and my face became suddenly flushed with the irrepressible glow of a momentary excitement, which, in my weak state, I had no power to controul, and I burst into tears. 'She has fever,' said the doctor; 'she must not be worked upon.' 'Send instantly for Dr. ——,' said my father; 'we have no time to lose.' 'Do not be alarmed, my dear duke,' said the doctor; 'this is natural, and only temporary; but,' looking at his watch, 'Dr. ——, the friend I spoke of,' added he, considerately, looking at me, 'will be here in a few minutes, as he promised me this morning.'

"Mrs. Murray gave me a cooling draught, while my father and the doctor retired into another room, to await the arrival of Dr. ——.

"She then came to sit by me, and looked anxiously in my face: 'You want nothing but quiet first, and strength will come afterwards. I know what illness is, and can recommend you one plan which will, at least, help you, who are now for the first

time in your life, under the care of a physician, to bear one of the annoyances of sickness. Do not think the serious scrutiny of a physician is, of necessity, a cause of alarm: it is necessary for their proceeding, and I should mistrust one who treated the slightest disorder with levity!

"Dr. —— was at last brought in to see me. His appearance was very good, and I thought I saw a wish to help me in his countenance. How far that goes with a physician! He asked me many questions; but quietly, and as if it were not curiosity, but a necessity. After speaking softly, but not in a whisper—I might have heard every thing—to Dr. M'Leod, he felt my pulse for the second time, and said, 'You must not agitate yourself, my young lady, either in mind or body, for some time to come; I shall see you regularly, and if by chance I miss a day—for I have many patients whose cases, I fear, cry more loudly for my care and superintendence than yours—you cannot be in better hands than Dr. M'Leod's.' He then left me, and, as soon as he was gone, Dr. M'Leod and Mrs. Murray made a plan for

my daily life, which I have followed with the greatest benefit.

"For some days, I was positively forbidden to write, nor do I think I could have written sense, I was so weak. By degrees, I grew stronger, till one day, all of a sudden, I felt quite changed; my medicines tasted quite agreeably, and I would have more of them. Mrs. Murray sent in haste for the physician, who came, and would not speak or suffer any one to speak to me, but ordered an immediate change of medicines, and left me exhausted with talking, sense or nonsense, I know not. After this, I was in lethargy for a long time, and did but slowly recover; but this time, by God's mercy, it was gradual and real.

"On opening my eyes one morning, I found myself in quite a new room, and I think the change alone helped to give me a new life. I became now slowly stronger and more reasonable. I had a confused impression of having been completely out of my senses.

"My dear father's attention was most affectionate. Though I saw him not often, and still more often than regularly, he never

failed to inquire after all my wants and wishes, and would have encouraged me in conversation which I was then quite unequal to sustain.

"Mrs. Murray one morning brought me my little breakfast to my bedside, and said, 'Now you are indeed better, my dear Christabelle, and I can venture to tell you a little news. Three days ago, I received a joint letter from your sisters, who beg earnestly to hear of your health; the letter, in fact, is for you;' and she put it into my hands. It was, as might be expected, the true and natural effusion of childish, but affectionate hearts —it was the first inward sunshine that had beamed upon my mind for many weeks—and it moved me to a violent flood of tears. After I had a little recovered myself, I begged to know when I might be allowed to answer it. 'Not till Dr. M'Leod gives leave,' was the reply. With this I was fain to be content, feeling that as yet I could not even direct a pen to express the thoughts that ever and anon danced in vivid pictures before my imagination.

"I recovered, however, and my first effort

of strength, which I considered, too, as a sort of thank-offering to God for my restoration to health, was to write a joint answer to my two little sisters; assuring them again and again of my love for them; and, without much care to suit it, as people often do, to children's understandings, I wrote freely and unrestrainedly such a letter of my experience of sickness and recovery, and of my inward reflections on the prospect of death, as I am sure they will keep to read over hereafter. My sisters are both intelligent, and it is surely a mistake to keep good and well-disposed minds in the dark as to the frail tenure of human life, though their youth may require some management in the treatment of such an awful subject.

"I am writing all this from recollection: Dr. ——, when he heard I kept a journal, spoke to me impressively on the necessity of giving my mind, while in ill health, some lighter employment. He said, that the more I spared myself now, the more I should be able to employ myself to advantage hereafter, and talked to me at some length upon the subject. I yielded, of course, and in-

deed felt that I was now treated as an intelligent patient, and that I was old enough to judge a little of my own health and interests, which were so bound up with those of my sisters, that I ought to reserve every faculty of mind and body for their future service.

"As I gradually regained my strength, I was allowed to drive out, and at last to walk, when it was fine, in the gardens of the square. Mrs. Murray was my companion, except now and then, when, being indisposed, she left me to walk quietly in the small space called a London garden.

"I now heard often from my sisters, who wrote to me separately about their little affairs, and gave me good reports of their progress with Mademoiselle Hoffmann. My grandfather, too, was often present to my thoughts; it was useless writing to him, so I always contrived to send some message or some small piece of news to him through my sisters, knowing that the best proof of my being well, was a communication as directly as possible from myself.

"The gardens in the square were not always as private as I could have wished:

many ladies walked there, and a still greater number of children. Among the young persons of my own age, I had frequently remarked a dark, but handsome-featured girl, whose appearance bespoke her of foreign origin, though, as I had heard her at a distance speaking English like a native, I was quite at a loss to fix upon what country she might belong to. Her hair was raven black, her eyes were of the same colour, but brilliant, and full of intelligence; her figure was tall and elegant. I had never seen a person so attractive. She did not walk in the garden every day, but, when she did, she seemed particularly to notice me, and, though certainly rather older, had the appearance of wishing, but not daring, to make some step towards an acquaintance. This went on for some time.

"In the mean time, I had now leisure to observe the elegance of my father's house. It was fitted up in the most beautiful, and, at the same time, in the most comfortable manner. For the first time in my life, I saw the fine arts really compelled into the service of daily life. Marbles, and bronzes,

and all the various works of genius which Italy produces, were there side by side, with English comforts, and French luxury, and refinements. At Cheyne, we had abundance of the older works, whether of sculpture or painting; but here were a thousand novelties, of which I had previously no idea.

"I had a nice little boudoir to myself, fitted up with light blue French silk, and white embroidered muslin: nothing was ever so pretty, and could I have had all that I loved at Cheyne united with this fairy habitation, I should have been perfectly reconciled to it.

"My dinners were always at two o'clock, and it was deemed absolutely necessary that I should adhere to the strictest régime, both in hours and every thing else. I could not then join in my father's numerous dinner parties; but I did occasionally see a few of the persons who composed his society. They were agreeable, but their tone was entirely different from all I had hitherto met with.

"Some of these gentlemen were men of science or learning, or otherwise known in the world for eminent attainments; some

were artists, and among these, Mayer and one or two of his friends were now and then my father's guests. I had been quite enough accustomed to the subjects of their conversation by study at Cheyne, to feel great interest in listening to them when I joined my father in the evening—for I was myself kept to a strict rule of early dining and hours in general.

"I was surprised to find that these men of talent and celebrity had quite another way of illustrating, as well as proving, or attempting to prove, any of their propositions. I had ever been accustomed to refer to books, and the known opinions of the founders of philosophy, as the best authorities; these new acquaintances, however, seemed to slight any authority but that of the present age, which often resolved itself into just their own opinion, and nothing else. I spoke of this to Mrs. Murray, who sighed and said—'That is the way of the world; it works in a circle, and, seeking support, finds nothing more solid than its own creations to sustain it. Too proud to seek it elsewhere, Philosophy will own no support, but what it can

derive from its own feeble resources.' This I found very true; they were for ever quoting abstract principles, while they shut their eyes to obvious facts, because they were unable to account for them. Nevertheless, though I could not approve the moral direction which their discussions on good and evil, on fate, and other metaphysical subjects, often took, I learned much from the more practical part of the society with which I was thus brought in contact.

"The common routine of life in London did not please me much: to one accustomed to the liberty of the country, not merely such as any body may have, but the liberty of a most indulged and country-loving child, which had been my case, London must be odious. The restraint, the blackness, the atmosphere, all went against me. I began to long for the time when I might once more enjoy fresh air, green fields, and my sisters' innocent prattle.

"I have lately seen the pretty dark girl often in the garden: she wants to make acquaintance with me—that is very evident.

"Dear papa is going to have my portrait

painted by Mayer in two different sizes. One is for himself, the other I will beg, and beg to be allowed to give to my sisters. What is my portrait to any one else?

" I have been taken, since I got better, to see a great many of the sights of London. Of all I have seen, I like the panorama of Egypt best, and all panoramas are what I am very fond of. I am told I have gone through all I see in the Egyptian panorama, though I cannot remember it. This makes it the more interesting to me, for I am sure I could never go through it all now: I should soon die of fatigue. How much do children escape by their mere unconsciousness alone! Panoramas seem to me the most intellectual of all mere sights—as languages are of all accomplishments. How much one learns on being suddenly transported, quicker even than by railroad, to Rio Janeiro, Calcutta, New Zealand, or to the North Pole! These magical visits, as they seem, give a sort of reality to all one reads; one understands so much better all descriptions of scenery; one feels so much more correctly the truth of events, and the peculiar character of a place

and people from seeing them all but living and moving, in those fine panoramic views, that I know no exhibition more useful and satisfactory. I wish my sisters could come up to see the panoramas as a part of their geographical lessons.

"I have been sitting to Mayer for my picture; the little one is to be done first for my sisters: it is a surprise to them; how joyous they will be to get it, for I believe they love me dearly! The sitting by itself is, I must confess, the most tiresome thing that can be, and must give the generality of portraits a look of ennui that is not natural. I wish to be painted just as I am, for my dove and my rosebud—Una and Ianthe. Mrs. Murray has been unwell; I stayed in with her all the morning, but in the afternoon she said I might go and walk in the square by myself, which I did.

"Grosvenor Square garden is a nice quiet place for London; and having now driven about the town a good deal, and having seen there are worse places, I am reconciled to it.

"I had not been walking long when I

saw the stranger girl, as I called her to myself, come in after me, and after once making the tour of the garden, come across the grass to where I was sitting on one of the benches.

"She entered into conversation with me upon some trivial subjects, and told me she had long observed my pale and enfeebled appearance, and was glad she could now congratulate me upon regaining the appearance, and she hoped the reality, of health. Her voice was so sweet, her manner so kind, and her whole appearance so lovely, that I was more struck with her than ever. She was evidently a year or two older than I, and spoke with more confidence and familiarity with the habits of the world than I could have done, particularly to a stranger. But this relieved my timidity, and I listened to Teresa Revel—the name of my new acquaintance—with new and unmixed pleasure.

"Mrs. Murray having a cold, I had been allowed to walk in the square by myself, and I was, therefore, perfectly uncontrolled in the questions I was induced to ask, re-

specting the studies, the reading, and ideas on any subjects of—Teresa Revel. The books she mentioned were quite unknown to me; and, as she usually brought one with her, for the purpose of reading in the garden, I was tempted to ask leave to look at it.

"'With the greatest pleasure!' she exclaimed; 'it is a most delightful book, and one I particularly recommend. Every body tells me it is the best written book in the French language, and I am sure there can be none more amusing.' I read the title—'Julie, ou, la Nouvelle Héloise, par J. J. Rousseau.' I had read extracts of his works, at least of Emile, in my French studies; but I now wondered I had never heard of this, if it was so famous. I accepted her offer eagerly, and she promised to bring me the whole set of volumes together, the first morning we should again meet in the square.

"I was now well enough to resume my musical practice with increased ardour, which seemed to give my father great pleasure. Mayer knew all the good German musicians in London, and could assist me here almost as well as in his own peculiar art. The best

masters in this, as well as in other branches of study, were procured for me. One evening, when I was alone with my father after dinner —he had no company that day, and appeared in less good spirits than usual—he said, 'Chrissy, give me a little music: let it be something sweet and pretty, after your own taste; for I am tired to death of all those novelties of the season, of which we have heard more than enough.'

"I immediately seated myself at the pianoforte, and proceeded to improviser the words and music of this humble

BALLAD.

I dreamt I saw the sea, Papa,
The angry, raging sea,
That with a hoarse and sullen voice
Did fiercely threaten me.

I dreamt I saw a ship, Papa,
Upon its storm-waves tost,
And wild, sad faces of despair,
Crying that they were lost!

And then, methought, changed was the scene.
Anon, I seem'd to glide
On Cheyne's fair lake, Ianthe steer'd,
Una was by my side.

But still there sounds a far-off strain—
'Children, while here ye play,
There's many a ship, and many a heart,
That's lost, and cast away!'

"My father was delighted, and said he had not the slightest idea whose composition it was; but supposed that I had put my own pretty words to some old air I had found, which he thought I had done with great taste.

"When I told him that both the music and the poetry were my own, and, moreover, that they were but an improvisation of the moment, put together only on the principle which he had desired—'to avoid any thing like the novelties of the season'—he was as much surprised as gratified at my progress, and owned that I had given him the greatest pleasure, not only by this little trial itself, but by showing of what I was capable. He determined that I should cultivate music in every possible way.

"I have resumed my regular course of reading with Mrs. Murray, and enjoy it as a relief from the noise and bustle of the town. I may read now almost any thing I like; but I always wish to follow her directions, that I may be able hereafter to guide my sisters, and I foresee that Ianthe will require much looking after. Scott's romances are what

I like best; Mrs. Murray explains to me the very Scotch parts, as she, of course, knows and relishes the local humour so much better than I can: she has, too, many anecdotes of Scotland to tell, in support of many particulars which seem almost too wonderful to us.

"It is extraordinary to think what romantic adventures befell our forefathers in this country, now so quiet and so regular in all respects. I wonder if any such will ever befall me, and I let my mind wander sometimes very far in imagination of the scenes that may happen, and how I should behave. Dr. M'Leod, who comes every day, says, if I could only recollect all the places and people I was carried among, and that, too, sometimes in his arms, during papa's travels in Greece and Syria, I should soon acknowledge the world was still romantic enough, and almost too roughly so for ladies. Indeed, Mayer's sketches of those scenes persuade me such is the case. I am often brought into them with good Mrs. Johnson and her husband. But nobody here looks at all romantic, except, perhaps, Miss Teresa Revel;—yes,

I dare say she is destined to have adventures, and to play the part of a heroine some day. The next time I see her I will tell her so.

"My portrait is nearly finished; but I think it cannot be much like me. It is, however, beautifully painted, and Mayer, I am sure, has taken pains. I am drawn seated at my dear piano, I fear with rather too much pretension to look like S. Cecilia, and in a plain dress. I would not be painted for my sisters in a gaudy fine dress, which would make me look a *belle dame de Paris*, and a stranger to them. When I saw the face, I thought it too good for me; though not quite regular in feature, it has an air of distinction which I do not merit—it is pale, and has long brown hair, grey eyes, dark long lashes and eyebrows—that is right; he has spared my drooping figure, and made me hold myself as I ought to do. The pensive expression is, I suppose, natural—well, I am content with it, but I will not believe it is like, till Ianthe and Una know it for me.

I see Teresa often in the square now; she does not approach me when Mrs. Murray is

with me, which I think rather odd. Another day Mrs. Murray was confined to the house; I went, as before, alone to the garden, and was immediately joined by my new and enthusiastic acquaintance.

"We walked round the garden, at first talking on quite indifferent topics; but at last, when something had led to the mention of the books we were each of us reading, I said I read very little but history, and that I was very fond of it when it was well interspersed with anecdotes and adventures; but that philosophical and political works on history did not suit my mind at all. She agreed perfectly with me, and pitied me for having no entertaining books to read; when I told her I had all Scott's works, which would last me a long time, and that I should certainly have more after them.

"'Ah!' cried Teresa, 'the book we were talking of the other morning is a nicer work than any of Scott's. I will lend you a volume of it to begin with to-day. I think I have read more books than you—not school-books, but library books, and good, famous novels.'

"'How I should like to see your books, Teresa!' I said. 'Are they full of adventures?'

"'Oh yes! plenty; and then there are such fine sentiments, such profound thoughts, and beautiful characters: there is nothing dry in my favourite Rousseau. It is enough to make one a heroine only to read his divine works.'

"She said this with so much animation, and her fine eyes beamed with such expression, as she turned them on me, that I could not refrain from replying:—

"'Why, Teresa, I think you look half fit for a heroine already. I am sure you would play your part well in an adventure.'

"'Perhaps I might,' said she, laughing; 'at any rate, I have seen some, and not the most pleasant ones, already. Seven years ago, my father brought me home from Barbadoes, but not before I had lost my poor mother in the yellow fever, and narrowly escaped death by a serpent, which was found in my little bed when I was a child, and killed by a faithful black nurse. In coming home, we were caught in a hurricane, and

wrecked on a coral reef, from whence we were rescued with difficulty by a packet-ship going back to Jamaica. This delayed us on our passage, and I fell ill of cholera, and was long too delicate to undertake the voyage. A partial rebellion of negroes took place; and, being quite unknown in Jamaica, we were in great danger, but finally came to England in a king's ship. I have now neither mother nor governess, nor brother nor sister; so papa lets me do as I like, and is so good to me, that if you like to see all my books, I am sure I may bring them to you. And, as to being a heroine, why, I am ready for that to-morrow—but it must be in some more picturesque and poetical district, than the brown-brick scenery of Grosvenor Square.'

"Thus the gay impassioned girl ran on, and we became very quickly intimate. I had not much to tell her—my early adventures were all from hearsay; but I told her all I had heard of my infantine travels in the East, which seemed greatly to interest her, particularly when she heard there were palm-trees and negroes, and the beautiful clear sky and bright sun, which combine to call

forth the powers of life and nature, which are so sluggish in what she playfully called the brown-brick climate of England.

"It is true I knew very little of Miss Revel; but I liked her manner and her open confidence so much, that I could not help conversing with her. She certainly bore a greater part in the dialogue than I did. Whenever there was a pause, her pretty little spaniel, who was always straying and getting lost among the shrubs, and had to be hunted for, was a constant source of occupation to us.

"Her father, she told me, was a considerable proprietor in Barbadoes, and had lived there great part of his life; but now never meant to return thither. She was, therefore, completing her education in England, and was pretty evidently self-persuaded that there was not much more that she need learn. She did not seem to want talent; but gave no signs of a turn for study or application. But her mind had a natural turn for poetry, and she seemed to have good taste in all she said to me about her accomplishments. I had never seen so winning a creature.

"I could not help revolving in my own mind the singularity that I was to be indebted to a complete stranger for a book, which, I was told, was to surpass my favourite Walter Scott in beauty of language, as well as in the interest of the story. It seemed so odd that, if such a perfect book existed, I was to owe my acquaintance with it, not to my good and careful preceptress, but to a young girl about my own age, casually met with in Grosvenor Square. This feeling, perhaps, indirectly stopped me from mentioning the occurrence, though intentional concealment from my father, or from Mrs. Murray, was the thing farthest from my thoughts.

"At last, I received the book. The 'Nouvelle Heloise' was before me in all the elegance of a new French binding—*édition Cazin*—gilt leaves, morocco leather, and all that can make a book superlatively interesting to girls of fifteen. Red silk markers had evidently been newly placed at certain pages which were the favourites of the last reader. I paid no attention to these, but began as I began habitually every book, from Rollin's

History to Sandford and Merton, at the commencement.

"I was soon deeply absorbed in this new, and to me most captivating, sort of reading. There is so much of natural beauty in the easy flowing style, and in the simplicity of thought and expression, that it is some time before the young readers of this celebrated work find out that a deep vein of philosophy and of worldly experience lies at the bottom of the story. How skilfully, as the tale proceeds, does calmness give way to passion, and peace to the torments of a wavering, and undecided mind! It needed a tale of that length to give an idea of the daily life and habitual modes of thought of the two persons principally concerned. All those little particulars, which are nothing in a stately or dignified romance, add a charm of nature and probability to the fiction, which assumes the colouring of reality from the very multitude of its inventions.

"Well! I took the first volume to my room, and never quitted it till it was time to go down to join my father after his dinner. My maid, Annette, had great difficulty in arrang-

ing my dress, I was so interested and excited by my book. What could she have thought of me that day! My India muslin was ill-smoothed; my rose-knots of ribbon put hurriedly into my hair; my whole appearance, about which my father was always solicitous, was unthought of, by myself at least, on that night.

"I went gliding softly in, as usual, to the small dining-room, where my father sat alone, fruit and wine being on the table before him. I kissed him, and silently seated myself in a sleepy hollow chair on the other side of the table, and after a short time, during which he had given me some dessert, and relapsed, as was often the case, into a reverie, I drew out my book, which I had brought down with me. I leaned my head on my hand, and was soon absorbed once more in 'La Nouvelle Heloise.'

"My father, I was afterwards conscious, had been intently gazing upon me as I sat reading, tracing my resemblance, perhaps—as he often told me he found pleasure in doing—to my dear mother. At length, he roused himself sufficiently to ask a few ques-

tions respecting my drive, and what I had done that morning, either in the way of study, or occupation.

"I was so intent upon Julie, whose character was beginning to interest me very deeply, that I did not hear my father speak, and it was not until he spoke again, and in a voice of surprise, that I caught his words. He asked me, without waiting for an answer to his first question, what book I possibly could have got hold of, which had power to absorb my attention so completely,—for I must say I was not in the habit of being deaf to my father's voice at any time.

"I showed him the book instantly, and asked if he had ever read it, saying, I thought it so pretty that he would be delighted with it. I added that I was surprised nobody had mentioned it to me.

"My father took the book in his hands, and looking first at the title, and then at the name, Teresa Revel, in the blank page, appeared quite overcome with astonishment. He asked who had lent it me? to which I replied, of course, by telling the whole story

of my acquaintance with Teresa, without the least disguise.

"He listened attentively to every word I said, but made no remark, though I could observe that something connected with the occurrence had pained him deeply. Still he continued silent, and, to all appearance, absorbed in reflection. I was beginning to be uneasy, and felt that indescribable sensation which is produced by the first misgiving that one has done wrong: or, if not morally wrong, at least something that one had better have left undone—something, in short, to account for.

"My father broke a painful silence by asking me to give him the book, which he took and detained. Then, with his usual voice and composure, he asked me to play something. I was too glad to fly to the pianoforte, and played one of my own little ballads, I am sure, with more than my usual expression. He listened as I liked to see him listen—I knew it was approvingly, though he said not a word. I felt re-assured, and soon after retired to my early rest.

"I heard my father, as I left the room, order

the servant who had brought me my candle to let Mrs. Murray know that he desired to speak with her immediately. The tone of his voice struck me as rather peremptory, and I could not but feel that he was displeased at what had occurred with regard to the book.

"I, of course, knew nothing of what then passed; but the next day, on my going to Mrs. Murray's room rather late to inquire how she was, I observed that she spoke, even upon the commonest subjects, with a tremulous voice, and even showed a degree of nervousness which I had never before seen her affected by. Without even replying to my inquiries, she told me, with suppressed emotion, that the duke did not approve of my forming acquaintances without his sanction, and that I was not to walk any more in the Square without her: that she had, by my father's desire, already returned the book with a note of explanation to Miss Revel, and that our incipient girlish friendship must be considered as at an end.

"Mrs. Murray uttered not a word of reproof to me on the score of imprudence, or of blame for my rash acceptance of a book,

even as a loan, from a stranger; she merely said—

"'London is not like Yorkshire; you cannot here trust implicitly to the motives or the character of every one you meet, however plausible: believe me, the book itself, however classical and eloquent, is not one for your age, and another time I hope you will confide to me the little which may occur during my occasional absence.'

"There was something so unusual in her manner, that it struck me as a censure, though probably not meant for one: I was so little accustomed to any dryness of manner from her, my best friend, that I was unnerved; my heart was full, and, unable to answer a word, I was silent, and, turning away, found relief in tears.

"On subsequent reflection, I had reason to be convinced, that the conversation between my father and Mrs. Murray had not been a pleasant one, and that he had thought that there was cause to object to the continuance of my friendship with Miss Revel: further, that, although Mrs. Murray's consciousness of rectitude absolved her from all suspicion of

carelessness in that respect, she had yet felt deeply vexed at the occurrence, and at the thought that it should have happened owing to her casual, but unavoidable, absence from my side. My own annoyance was greater than can well be conceived; but it was not till some time aftewards that I saw as clearly into the workings of this misunderstanding as I do now. I began to be afraid of my father.

"This, my first moral, or rather mental sorrow, weighed heavily on my heart: I felt myself blameless, but misgave my own prudence, and felt that, in difficult circumstances, I should not perhaps in future have courage to act as I had always fancied I should do. I had been the involuntary means of drawing down upon my most valued friend, who stood in the place of a mother to me, some harsh reflections, I knew not what—though persuaded of their existence—and had perhaps myself sunk both in hers and in my father's esteem, by my want of prudence and reserve, as to my acquaintances. How I sighed, how I longed for Cheyne and my dear sisters! In the country, we wanted

no prudence, no reserve: we were free, we enjoyed an innocent liberty, of which I only now felt the full value.

"But nobody said a word more to me on the subject. Not a syllable of blame was uttered by my father; not an allusion was made to it by Mrs. Murray. Yet I pined for home, and passed many sleepless nights in consequence of my fretting over my changed position, as I fancied, in my family. I was near having a relapse into my former illness; but the kind care and attention of Mrs. Murray, who saw clearly how my feelings were at work, though she preserved a studied silence, brought me round again before my father had time to be alarmed about me.

"My regrets, however, were by no means confined to my own share of the present change of things. I was not so selfish, or egotistical, as to think only of my own disappointment, at being thus early forced to break off my first friendship, which, I am sure, girls can feel as enthusiastically at sixteen, as at any period in after life. I, for my part, shall be very much surprised if

ever I feel differently to what I do now. No, in addition to its own sorrows, my heart is sore for the pain I must have occasioned to poor Teresa Revel, whose sensitive feelings have, I am certain, suffered equally with my own. How sincerely do I hope to meet her in after life, where we may prove to each other the strength of our youthful, but luckless, friendship! Interrupted for the present, may we at some future period resume our intercourse where we left off!

"Alas! another misfortune! To-day, as I was stepping into the carriage to drive with papa, Mrs. Murray accompanying us, Miss Revel, who was walking on the pavement, ran up to me, exclaiming, 'Dear Christabelle, I have been waiting so many days to see you—what is the matter? have you been ill?' Mrs. Murray was then obliged to speak to her, and explain my father's objection to my walking in the square; but was quickly interrupted by the passionate, impulsive girl, stepping forward and throwing her arms round me, and bursting into a flood of tears. 'A Dios Christabella, querida mia.'—I shall remember you.

"My father, who was standing at the door immediately behind us, was witness to the whole scene—and I need not say that my consciousness of his presence increased mine and Mrs. Murray's distress tenfold. His feelings on the subject could not be matter of doubt to us. My nervous trembling for some time after Miss Revel had rushed away, did but add to the agitation of my father, who endeavoured, as soon as we were seated in the carriage, to explain to me the necessity there was for care in my acquaintances; and that he had, moreover, particular objections to friendships picked up in this way by a chance rencontre in a London square.

"You canot now know all the objections there are to it, Christabelle; but you must follow my directions in these matters. I choose that my daughters should keep themselves within the sphere which is appropriate to them, and with regard to yourself, as you are not yet out in the world, it is unnecessary for you to make any acquaintances, beyond my own family circle.

"I said nothing in reply; it would have

been useless, but I did not attempt to conceal my grief. My father had certainly a fixed purpose, but did not seem satisfactorily to maintain his argument. I yielded to his will rather than to his reasons.

"Our arrival at the picture-gallery was a mutual relief. We moved silently through the rooms, intent apparently upon the paintings, but in my case certainly more occupied with my own thoughts than with the beauties of art. One conclusion at least I drew from my dear-bought knowledge of the world, and that was, that if rank placed such immense respective distances as pride would fain keep up, between two girls of our age, she surely who had the greater range for the sensibilities of a feeling heart was not to be envied.

"After a restless night, the next morning brought me a welcome relief, in the shape of two nice little letters from my dear sisters—charmingly written, and just such affectionate letters as I might expect from them, full of histories of their little pursuits, and wishes for my return. Thank God! that is to be in a few days. How I detest London! and how

glad I shall be to see dear grandpapa, and the old place, and the leafy oaks of Cheyne. Papa, I see, wishes to keep me, but he is coming soon into Yorkshire, and it is better for me to change the air.

"We have heard from Nicholas in Germany: he seems to like military studies, and says that he has found already some daring young students and lieutenants who are very much what he thinks men ought to be. Mademoiselle Hoffmann will be pleased at this—she is always saying, 'Men in Germany are men indeed.'

"What a happy thought!—I shall write no more journal, till I am once more at dear Cheyne.

CHAPTER III.

"Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe
Widmet euch diess Herz.
Fordert keine andre Liebe,
Denn es macht mir Schmerz.
Ruhig mag ich Euch erscheinen,
Ruhig gehen sehn.
Eurer Augen stilles Weinen
Kann ich nicht verstehn." SCHILLER.

"Du Schwert an meinen Linken,
Was soll dein heitres Blinken?
Schaust mich so freundlich an,
Hab' meine Freude d'ran.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Mich trägt ein wackrer Reiter,
Drum blink'ich auch so heiter;
Bin freien mannes Wehr;
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Was klirrst du in der Scheide,
Du helle eisenfreude,
So wild, so schlactenfroh?
Mein Schwert, was klirrst du so?
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
'Wohl klirr'ich in der Scheide,
Ich sehne mich zum Streite,
Recht wild und schlactenfroh!
Drum, Reiter, klirr'ich so.'
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"
SCHWERT-LIED.—KÖRNER.

"My return home has so changed my spirits, that I can hardly even now, though

some days have passed, sit down to write composedly. What a change from hot, smoky London! What a contrast from the brown and dirty appearance of every thing there, to the fresh green of the country!

"I shall never forget the rapid increase of my pleasurable sensations—almost to nervousness—as I drew nearer and nearer to Cheyne. All the first part of our journey from London was uninteresting to me. I had passed those towns and villages before in a state of illness, and their very names were disagreeable to me. Mrs. Murray tried to awaken my attention to different objects; but my mind was so occupied with all that I expected to find at home, that I could not listen.

"The first thing that roused me, and that with a thrill of delight, was a distant view of the towers of York; then I knew where I was, and felt as a truth that I was approaching home. I awakened to the reality of that which I had only as yet felt as a pleasing dream; and the expectation of seeing, in a short half hour, my beloved sisters and dear old grandpapa, quite overcame me. Now every object was familiar to me, and

appeared more so from the feeling, of which I became every moment more conscious, that I had lately been living among strangers; all except my father—strangers in blood, feeling, and it almost seemed in nature—to me. Now, then, I was indeed at home—in the home of homes—the home of my infancy—that house, those groves, those scenes, to which the last faint, yet not dim, image of my lamented mother clung indelibly, in which I recalled all my childish feelings of her presence, and in which she even yet seemed not absent from me. We turned rapidly through the old gate-house, or lodge; and as we drove through the park, my longing eyes stretched over the verdant turf to catch each well-known tree—each peep of the lovely view—beyond, until the grey walls of Cheyne, with its embattled turrets, rose from amid a grove of aged oaks and chestnuts which partially concealed them.

"The road skirted one extremity of the garden, where there was an opening in the evergreens for the sake of a distant prospect, into which any one who knew the place could, during the moments it was open to

the eye, catch a long glimpse of the beautiful pleasure-ground. Near this were our children's gardens, which I, for one, never intended to give up; although increasing occupations, and my weakness before leaving home, had caused it to be somewhat less attended to than formerly. I saw it, as it were, instinctively, for the shrubs had grown so as nearly to obscure it, and I saw Ianthe, and Una, dear girls, hard at work at something that was not distinctly to be made out. The little plot, however, was in a state of extraordinary neatness, filled with the most brilliant flowering-plants, and clearly in a state of preparation for some event. At the end of the narrow lawn, which belonged of right, as we said, to our gardens, was an arbour, which all three of us had assisted in building with our own hands: no gardener was suffered to touch it. It had been constructed in early days, when I had been the principal labourer except Nicholas, who then manfully chopped the sticks, and did the rough work, only dissatisfied that he was not allowed to cut down a whole tree, on purpose to furnish the slight material

required. Ianthe had planted the honeysuckle and jessamine, which now covered the bower, the designing and pleaching of which had been more peculiarly my own; while little Una, then a mere child, had had the supreme pleasure of watering the new plants out of her own little watering-pot. Like all things children have made themselves, this modest, but pretty little habitation, was a source of great satisfaction to us; and though I had outgrown, alas! the feeling of unexpected surprise, that I, a child, could make any thing tolerable without help, yet I own that with the sight of my former industry, the honest pride of difficulties overcome returned to my heart with redoubled force at this moment. I saw the two dear girls, attended by Una's little greyhound, hanging wreaths of flowers upon my arbour—for so it was always called—while a profusion of scattered roses, carnations, and other beauties of the garden, lay upon the grass.

"No sooner did the greyhound hear the noise of the carriage than it commenced barking; and they, roused by its excitement, started up from their work; each seized a

bouquet or rather handful of flowers, and ran—not to meet me—but by a way which I knew led to the house, so as to receive me at the very door, before a servant could be warned of my arrival. I need not describe our meeting.

"They did not wait for my inquiries after my grandfather, but led me straight into his library, where I found him seated in his usual summer-quarters, near the window, whose open casement admitted the fresh air and the perfume of the musk-roses which surrounded it. He did not seem to me the least altered, and this to me was a source of the greatest satisfaction. I had been ill myself, and in moments of depression had felt myself, as I thought, so nearly sinking into the grave, that I could hardly persuade myself I should find him at such an advanced age, with no observable trace of weakness beyond his previous calamity.

"He received me, as might be supposed, with all the warmth of an affectionate heart, unchilled by age; he rose from his chair to meet me, which I never recollect his doing before, and, embracing me tenderly, gave me

that heartfelt welcome which none but a parent can give.

"He asked me, as was natural, many questions about my father, and about London, not that he cared much for that; but he seemed anxious to know my impressions of it, and how far this small view of the world in perspective—'that world in which,' as he said, with his usual strong sense—'you must soon be called to take a part, however distasteful it may be to your innocent pursuits,' had had an effect upon my, as yet, inexperienced mind. At other times, he often recurred to this subject, fearful lest the studies and pleasures of our retirement should have made me unfit for my future position: though they were just what he had himself delighted in through life. Mrs. Murray afterwards told me that he was becoming anxious on this head, and that he never regretted his loss of sight more than when he thought it incapacitated him from watching over his grandchildren. This, as they grew older, he felt the more deeply.

"My sisters did not leave me long without bringing me to see my old arbour,

decorated as it was for their simple fête. Fidéle bounded along before us, and I was soon in that happy nook, which I could call my own, in which I had spent the happiest hours of childhood, but whose true value I had never till now thoroughly appreciated. Who is there that prizes the natural beauties of creation, that does not feel the blessing of possessing some one little innocent retirement, some faint emblem of Paradise, where, looking on God's fairest works, surrounded by his dearest relatives, or surveying the picturesque features of that world where so much is lovely without—so much hollow and deceptive within—he can thank the Creator not only for his bounteous gifts, but also for the grace and the ability to enjoy them?

"I found both the girls grown and improved in appearance, and as eager to hear all I could tell them as I was to listen to their relation of all the little occurrences of the few past months at Cheyne. Mademoiselle Hoffmann soon joined us, and I was pleased to see, by the respective manners of both governess and pupils, on how much more easy a footing they were with each other

than when I left them. Ianthe, who was almost a head taller than Una, struck me now as far more beautiful than I had ever thought her. Full of life and spirits, she seemed to have no thought but of enjoyment; and as she was clever, though wanting in application, she enjoyed many parts of her studies—that is, whatever she found easy—as much as any other pursuit that engaged her attention. Una, more serious, but equally amiable with her sister, gave her whole mind to her lessons: learning slowly, but surely, she had certainly greater satisfaction in the result of her proficiency at the end of a given time than Ianthe. Her kind and charitable nature was devoted, in her leisure hours, to visits to such of the poor families as were, or had been, connected with the house, for she was too young to go farther: she acquainted me with the progress of the village-school, and with the ailments of many of our old women, and of their longing for my return. Ianthe, whose warmth of heart did not yield to any one, would outstep her sister in generosity when once the hint was given; but her volatile nature

required that hint, ready as she was to obey it when expressed. We soon settled to our old habits and occupations, and were once more united, I really believe the happiest family in the whole world, and not the least grateful.

"Two days after my return, I wrote, as my father had desired me, to tell him of my arrival, and of my feelings after the journey. I did so, with pleasure in the duty of compliance with his wish, and glad of the opportunity of giving him some fresh and detailed account of my sisters, whose kindly dispositions and aptitude for improvement I thought began to deserve a little more attention. His answer was very kind, and announced his intention of coming down to Cheyne in a few days to see grandpapa and us. He told me that he should bring new books for all of us.

"I immediately resumed my system of reading with Mrs. Murray, together with my sisters, and of reading to, and conversing with, my grandfather on the same subjects as had occupied us before my journey to London. One day, he asked me whether I had ever met at my father's any of the cele-

brated literary and scientific men who, he had heard, frequented the house. 'Yes,' I said, 'occasionally; and, grandpapa, do you know, they took great notice of me when they found I was fond of astronomy, and still more so, when I accidentally mentioned my having been taught by you?'

"'Well, Christabelle, I hope you learned something from them far in advance of the point at which I was of necessity obliged to stop!'

"'Yes, grandpapa; I learned some very interesting things among the newest discoveries which I will tell you; but I did not like those gentlemen near so much as I expected.'

"'Why so, my dear?'

"'Because I found that, though they were most agreeable when talking each on his peculiar art or study, they were, as Nicholas used to be about his school, unwilling to talk about it, unless in a manner forced to do so. I suspect they had each almost too much of it at home; and I felt so disappointed when I heard the first professors of our time conversing more readily, as it seemed to me, on

plays, balls, and society, than on what they knew best, and what are the highest walks of our human intelligence.'

"'Excellent, my dear girl, you will find this a common weakness through life, and one which it is painful to witness. Second-rate talent too often thinks meanly of its vocation, and sighs for the baubles of the world; but in the case of those eminent men you met with, I think you are right in attributing the peculiarity you have observed to that fatigue of the mind which will oppress the greatest genius after deep study; as fatigue of the body exhausts the physical powers after overmuch labour. In each case, relaxation is necessary to the labourer; though it must have been disappointing to you, as a young and ardent inquirer, not to hear as much of their learning and information as you anticipated.'

"'Papa, however, took me to several exhibitions, to the Zoological and other gardens, and once to the opera. I have brought down some good music too, grandpapa, which you shall hear.'

"'Did you hear any church music?'

"'Yes, grandpapa, I went to the Abbey, to St. Paul's, and to another church, where there was fine music, but I was not well enough to go so regularly as I wished. Papa is not very fond of that sort of music, so he did not go with us; but to me the service was in the music, and, in listening to it, I thought of nothing but the divine faculty which it gives us of praising and glorifying God with an inspiration which one may call truly worthy of him, since he gave it.'

"'God bless you, my child!' said grandpapa, and I could see the tears standing in his eyes, as he laid his hand upon my head.

"A few days afterwards, papa arrived, and was more astonished than I had been, to see the progress my sisters had made under Mademoiselle Hoffmann. He seemed particularly pleased with Ianthe, whose spirit and loveliness won upon him daily. As for me, he treated me almost as if I was grown up, and conversed with me in a way to show I was no longer a child, which was new to me, and the feeling fell sadly on my heart. I had no love for the world, no ambition; and

the being made as it were suddenly the lady of the house, consulted as a mother about my sisters, taken far more than I wished out of the companionship of dear Mrs. Murray, gave me a sort of feeling of fear and responsibility I was not yet prepared for. I hope I got through it well, however, chiefly by her good advice. She said it was necessary for me with a view to the future. I had also more money now, and I must of course learn how to use it properly.

"My father seemed to take a great interest in my progress in every thing, and particularly in music—he made me sing my little song so often to him and to grandpapa, that I feared they would become tired of it, and my sisters were so delighted at finding their own names introduced into it, that they were never weary of listening to me. This was especially the case when we were taken for a row on the lake. Ianthe would insist upon steering, which had more than once nearly brought us into the disaster dimly alluded to in my verses. Una was satisfied with the position I had poetically assigned to her, and sat

contentedly by my side. Ah! life was never happier to us than it was then.

"We now began to hear Nicholas' name spoken of: he was to return in a short time, and show what his military education in Germany had done for him, and the result was to be, his getting a commission in the army. I am quite curious to see him, for though I do not doubt the steadiness of his feelings to all of us, yet I fear his impetuosity of temper—and his long absence may make us feel mutually strange to each other. I have been told that he shows great talent for the profession he has chosen, and that he is already a model of a soldier.

"Grandpapa talked to me a great deal yesterday about my sisters: he said they had been so kindly attentive to him during my absence, and he had had a little of their company daily, both with and without their governess. 'Can you,' said he, 'judge sufficiently of their dispositions to see what plan it will be best to pursue with them? I find Ianthe clever, but volatile; Una, on the contrary, is quiet and docile: she is always ready

to read to me, but Ianthe is far more willing to talk.'

"'I should like,' I said, 'to make Ianthe read with me, to try to give her a few of those early lessons of astronomy and natural philosophy which you were so good as to teach me in my early years—may we go to the observatory?'

"'Yes, certainly, my dear; and, after you have made some progress, I will go with you. But I expect you to teach her with the same earnest feeling of the power of God, as shown in his greatest works, which has always struck me, and, my dearest child, gratified me in yourself.'

"'Indeed, grandpapa, I will: I could not do otherwise—but remember, the best learners are not the best teachers—and I may be intimately convinced of many truths of the highest order, which I should fail to impress upon a pupil who did not seize them at once. I cannot dilate upon what seems to me a bright and simple truth.'

"'I trust it may not be needed with Ianthe; still she must be taught truths which it is

necessary for all to know. In these days of doubt and superficial learning, it is needful to show that the God of Nature, whom all must acknowledge, is the same with our God, whom all ought to acknowledge: in a word, to prove by the means of science, now placed in our hands, that the Power to whose Omnipotence all created beings needs must bow, and to whose presence every daily, hourly action of our lives bears unconscious witness, is one with the Framer of the great moral scheme of our existence, to whom we owe every great and good faculty of intelligence—nay, even the faculty of choosing between good and evil, the salvation or the ruin of our souls.'

"'Ianthe will not be capable of understanding the reasons for what you say, grandpapa, though I think I do. I see, moreover, the reason of your being anxious to impress this upon her. You fear her learning the brilliant lessons of science superficially, and disregarding the great moral truths that should be deduced from them.'

"'You are quite right, my dear, and it will be sufficient to begin with her by easy

steps. She will be eager to learn, and your example will lead her on.'

"'And what shall I do with Una?'

"'Una is already so steady, and I might almost say so serious, that I sometimes wish to enliven her a little. She says she will always be contented with her pets—her birds and her kittens, her Italian greyhound and her white squirrel—and will try to make them live happy together, like good children.'

"I could not help laughing at this Utopian idea, which so well expressed the childish dreams of peace and innocence so soon to be dissolved by the actual experience of life, even when concerning only what are called, rather contemptuously, dumb creatures.

"How singular it is, and at the same time how humiliating to our supposed place in the creation, that we are so frequently obliged to be content with the faithful, unbought affection of those same dumb creatures, attached to us alike in prosperity and adversity —when our fellow-men deceive us in the first, and desert us in the latter predicament! I, who had in reality as yet seen nothing beyond the merest outside of the world, was

already so thoroughly persuaded of its hollowness, that, on my return to Cheyne, I hailed every domestic animal, every well-known, though inanimate object, as imbued with more friendly feeling towards me than the race of people I had left behind me in London. I was in a fair way to become a complete misanthrope had I been left to my own feelings. Fortunately, I had my two sisters; to them I devoted myself.

"Papa had brought us a number of new books from London; some were the newest scientific works, intended for us to read to Mr. Lovel during the long winter evenings, which would soon come on; others were such as had been before recommended by Mrs. Murray for me to read by myself; for of books of instruction which I preferred reading with her or with grandpapa, there were enough in the library. He wished me to study poetry, not as a mere amusement, or vehicle for lofty or pathetic sentiments, but especially as a sister art to music; he said that the habit of reading the best poets—epic, dramatic, or lyrical—no matter in what language, would be the best preservative

against my writing myself, or selecting from books, sickly and common-place verses to set to music; and I certainly will pay attention to that. Dear papa, he is beginning to be proud of us, I almost think. I knew he always loved us, though he was away. He said lately to grandpapa, that he had seen too little of us of late years. Now, I am sure he will see more, for he has evidently enjoyed his stay at Cheyne this year more than ever, and this gives me great pleasure, as I think we may more and more contribute to it.

"Ianthe had some beautiful books, with engravings, given to her. Una received what she liked best, a natural history, with figures of birds and beasts, and great Indian animals, which she had no idea of before, and which she now wishes to see running in Cheyne Park. Papa has promised to try to get her a little antelope next summer; but the two-horned rhinoceros must be deferred. He would be more suitable to Nicholas than to Una, I think.

"Una is a very good girl, but certainly a pe-

culiar character. She is fond of her doves, which come at her call, and nestle in her bosom. She is indeed fond of studying the ways and habits of all animals, with the wish to make them happy—in a word, she would wish to be able to think them all doves. Her visits to the poor are always made with more than the general wish to good; it is with a real belief—which, alas! must sometimes be unfounded—that it is in her power, or at least in the power of man, to make all his fellows happy. Such an amiable, but quiet enthusiasm may, I hope, when experience shall have added something to its justness of conception, go a great way towards bringing about the result it aims at: the smallest good it can produce, is a perseverance not easily disconcerted; and as we all know how frequently the want of that quality leads to failure, we may not unreasonably hope that its presence may conduce to success. She has read some of the missionary reports, and is eager in the praise of those devoted men who carry at all risks the Christian religion into heathen lands: when we are reading the History of Europe, she

always longs to know more of the missionary saints, who first brought Christianity among our savage forefathers. Her mind has naturally a tendency to worship, and being not only of a kind and benevolent disposition, but also most completely free from selfishness in all its disguises, she will soon, I trust, strengthen this pious inclination of the heart, with that sound practical sense which a child cannot have, but which alone is wanting to make a nearly perfect character. Her sweet smile, and beautiful blue eyes, pour forth an expression which wins favour from all; I of course am partial, but it does not follow that I am mistaken in her. Her youth, her girlish amusements—all in keeping with a rather backward, yet not slow, capacity—her timidity—so contrasted with Ianthe's courage—contribute to retain her in a position rather more behind Ianthe, than Ianthe is behind me—though of course this will not last.

"I am now almost constantly with my grandfather: I find I can be so useful to him in reading his new reviews, extracting what he wants from the almanacks, and making, as

well as I can, observations with his best telescope, that I cannot bear to leave him even for my other studies. What, after all, is any proficiency I can hope to attain to, in comparison of the solace and enjoyment I can help him to procure in his old age?

"Nicholas is expected to-morrow. I wish to see him, but I feel almost afraid of him as a man. What a rough boy he was! Papa talks of going away, but I will try to persuade him to stay for Nicholas, for dear mamma's sake, who was so partial to him.

"I have heard something to-day that grieves me very much. Mr. Gray, the clergyman of our parish is taken very ill, and not likely to recover. He is one of grandpapa's very oldest friends, nay, I think they were at college together, and that grandpapa gave him this living at least forty years ago, out of respect for his character. I have a great regard for his family, whom I have known all my life; they are perfectly well brought up, and have the same attachment to this place, and all about it, that we have ourselves. I have played with them all, and walked, and read with the girls, and know

them better than anybody else. The sons are out in the world, but clever and praiseworthy young men, making their way through life in the most respectable manner.

"Poor Mr. Gray is no more! We can now but treasure up in our memories the dim remembrance of a worthy man; Una and I have been weeping over his fate, and that of his children, who cannot be well off. She begs me to go with her, and see them as soon as it is advisable to do so. I had once made extracts from some serious books which he had lent me, and had of my own accord added, as notes, some striking passages I recollected from his own sermons. I showed them to-day to Una, who exclaimed: 'How happy it would make poor Mrs. Gray if you would show her this!' so we agreed to take my book to her on the first opportunity, after she should be a little collected. Her spirits, I hear, are sadly broken down.

"Grandpapa has just spoken to me with great emotion of the loss he has had in Mr. Gray. 'While you were in town,' he said, 'he came daily to sit and talk with me upon various subjects, local or otherwise. He

knew how much I was alone, and he sometimes brought a son or daughter with him. Besides that, we were old friends, our tastes and opinions were nearly the same, except that his attainments were more literary than scientific; we had gone side by side through the political troubles of the last century, and we held the same ideas respecting the social difficulties of the present. Now, except my own dearest children, I have not a friend left of my age and standing.'

"'But I must not give way to feeling. Chrissy, my dear; you will like the errand I am going to charge you with. Go, as soon as you think proper, to poor Mrs. Gray, and give her in your own terms the assurances of my sincerest participation in her sorrows. If—and mind this—if Mrs. Gray makes any allusion to the circumstances under which her family are left (which, I feel sure, must be greatly straitened by her husband's death), then you have authority from me to say that I will cheerfully aid in providing for their future career, and that I owe so much to the memory of an old and valued friend, that I can only testify my sense of his worth in

assisting his children on their entry into life. If Mrs. Gray should make no allusion to the subject, it would be indelicate to thrust it on her now. I will find another opportunity.'

"The benevolent old man spoke with firmness, but in a tone that showed how deeply he felt for his friends. I could hardly restrain my emotion, and thanked God inwardly that I was born to profit by such a noble example.

"'Dear grandpapa,' said I, 'it will hardly be possible to enter on such a subject as this with Mrs. Gray so soon. I do not expect to see her; but I will walk over to the parsonage and ask for Miss Gray. I shall hear from her or her sister how their poor mother is.'

"I prepared to go immediately, but Una, who joined me before I left the house, entreated to go with me. Though I had rather have gone alone, I could not refuse her; the younger Grays were her particular friends and playfellows; so, knowing how bad it is to damp the good feelings of a youthful

heart, I took her by the hand, and we proceeded in silence to the parsonage.

"We had some way to walk through the park before coming to the neat and well-shorn church-path which led to the house of God, and to the modest and hitherto happy dwelling of His minister. Una made several attempts to speak, but her heart was too full, till on coming in sight of the parsonage, and seeing every window closed, save a small casement on one side where we knew Mrs. Gray's housekeeper was, in other and happier times, to be found, she burst into tears. Not a living soul was to be seen—every thing appeared to partake of the silence and immobility of death. I, though feeling not less intensely than Una, preserved more self-command, and, stepping quickly forward, walked up to the door, and gently rang the bell before my sister had recovered herself.

"The old and trusty maid who came to the door, who had known us all from infancy, tried hard to keep down her own feelings; but, when she saw Una's pure dove-like face streaming with uncontrollable tears, she also gave way to sorrow.

"I thought I had much to say, but at the moment was perfectly unable to bring out more than what a stranger would have thought a cold and formal inquiry after the family.

"I learned, as I expected, that I could see nobody that day, but that she hoped her mistress, or the young ladies would see me to-morrow. 'Better for them too, my lady, to see some true friend, after God has sent them such a blow.' Here the good woman's tears and sobs broke out afresh. The elder sons had been sent for; the younger boys were even more knocked down by the suddenness of their father's death than their sisters, who had nursed and watched him. We, therefore, returned mournfully home—but having now entered on the scene of woe, we could converse, and speak a little on the event, and upon the poor prospects of the family. I did not scruple to tell Una that grandpapa meant to do something for them, and we arrived at the house in rather better spirits than when we left it.

"The arrival of Nicholas is put off for a few days, which perhaps is fortunate.

"My seventeenth birthday is shortly approaching, and I was looking forward to receive once more the blessing of poor Mr. Gray, my earliest religious teacher, on the day when, as both my father and grandfather have told me, in rather a marked manner, I am to change my apartment, and in future to inhabit the rooms which my dear mother occupied during the few years she lived as mistress of this house. I know what they mean: I am now to enter upon the duties—ere long perhaps on the cares—of life: I am to be the head of this establishment, in which I have been till now a child, I might almost say a spoilt one, so completely has the happiness of childhood been attendant on my steps. But I must now do my duty, do my best to make my grandfather's visibly declining health as tolerable as may yet be permitted to him, set a good example to my sisters and all the household, superintend the school, which has been left too long to an antiquated schoolmistress, and, above all, show to my father, and to all around us, that I can appreciate, if not emulate, the character left behind by my dearest mother. I will throw

off, as far as I can, the awkwardness and timidity I feel so often oppressed by, and I am sure that I shall gain courage in doing what is right. God grant that my endeavours to follow the path marked out for me in singleness and firmness of heart may be successful! Una and Ianthe are soon to be confirmed—they have lost, alas! my venerable instructor, but I must, with Mrs. Murray's help, do what I can to prepare them for it. Mademoiselle Hoffmann is of no use in this; she is a good and well-principled woman, I believe, but her German notions of Protestantism have such a constant tendency to make her philosophize upon every subject, even the most sacred, that I should not think her a safe instructress for the girls in religious matters, however clever she may be, and certainly is, in the exposition of abstract ideas. She thinks, for instance, that persons not confirmed may change their religion, but those confirmed may not, without sin: an opinion which seems to savour more of superstition, than is consistent with her boasted philosophy.

"Poor Mr. Gray was buried yesterday. I

can say no more than that all the parish followed him, sincere mourners, to the grave.

"I have had some conversation with Ianthe and Una about their confirmation, which is to be at York. Ianthe wishes to be good all at once, without the pains of learning or of practice: Una is humbly content to follow the right path as it is laid down for her, and when questioned, she speaks with earnestness and intelligence beyond her age, and I say it with bitter self-reproach, beyond what I had hitherto thought to be her capacity. How painful it is to be conscious of having under-rated those one loves!

"The Misses Gray have called here for the first time to-day—they were much overcome. My sisters were anxious in their endeavours to cheer them, and one of the younger ones is to come occasionally to read with Ianthe and Una.

"My birthday has passed very quietly, and I have taken my place at the head of the table, my father being at the foot, and grandpapa on one side. We all dined together, and shall continue to do so. I saw the housekeeper about the dinner, and talked of

household matters with her, all which was not very difficult, as I have been often obliged to do so before; but now she asked me for orders on a number of subjects, and I thought it best to walk regularly round the house with her, and go through all details at once. My father met me in the gallery, and seemed pleased at my taking to my vocation, as he said. I asked him to join me, which he did, my task in the housekeeper's department being nearly ended, and he helped me to go through the kitchen, steward's room, &c., taking on himself to speak to the butler about his special duties. Our servants are old, and could not now conform to much innovation; but they are trusty, and I have long known and respected them as friends of the house in their several conditions.

"Ianthe and Una read with me to-day. It is singular how differently their minds take in passages of the Bible. They both question me about the Holy Land, as if I could recollect any thing of it. Ianthe longs to see pictures of Mount Sinai, of Moses' rock, of the very place where the Israelites passed the Red Sea; in short, she has ever

before her eyes the beautiful or poetical part of religion. I fear she is only too disposed to be romantic in every thing. Una, on the other hand, is more prosaic, but not less earnest and sincere. She always studies the meaning and moral sense of the sometimes obscure expressions of scripture, compares one verse with another, and is never tired of references. When Una has once mastered a precept, or is convinced of a duty, she is anxious to put it in practice. Ianthe, with equal, or greater warmth of feeling, is always ready to go with her on any act of charity or kindness, and to contribute her mite with heartfelt pleasure to the poor; but she has not patience to stay and read the Bible with them, or to teach or to explain it to the children.

"Nicholas is arrived. How changed from the rough and somewhat uncouth lad of three years ago! He has now a perfect military manner, a mixture of self-possession and politeness—bold in his bearing—fluent and complimentary in his words. Madlle. Hoffmann says he is the model of a Prussian officer, and thinks that the highest praise that

can be given to civilized man. He speaks German to her, which is a long step towards her good graces. He was, I think, truly glad to see us all, but particularly me; for one of his first observations to me was, that I was the only one who seemed to have grown up during his absence, and that Ianthe and Una were children, just as he left them. He seemed shy of my father, whose manner towards new-comers (and Nicholas is almost in that position), is always rather distant; but to grandpapa he showed a feeling of respect and attention which pleased me very much. Grandpapa encouraged him to talk, and seemed really interested in his accounts of Germany and German life, which he gave with great cleverness and spirit. Ianthe's wonder at him was quite amusing; she seemed as if she could never listen enough to his wonderful stories of German castles, ghosts, knights, and monks of the olden time, and of the new era which Prussian officers, students of Heidelberg, and doctors and professors, with the help of the military and the landwehr, were soon to introduce; when the dim shadows of the past were to dissolve into thin

air—or in other words, be left to the novelist, or the tragedian.

"'What a pity that would be!' said Ianthe. 'I am sure, Nicholas, you are too good a knight to wish for that.'

"'You would not say so, Ianthe, if you had seen as much of Germany as I have. The old world of Germany is no longer good for any thing, and we shall have knights and heroes enough of the new sort, I promise you. Is the world grown so old, think you, that we of the present day can do nothing?'

"'You can fight I dare say, but it is in uniform, and not in armour, which I like better.'

"Nicholas laughed heartily at this idea, and fixing his eyes on me, replied, 'You have seen me in neither yet, and I beg not to be pre-judged before I have taken my post in one or the other. Would not a cuirassier uniform settle the difficulty by combining the beauties of both?'

"'I am for the breastplate, at all events,' said Ianthe, 'but I should like you with spear and shield, too.'

"Nicholas seemed to expect an answer

from me, so I said, 'Let me see you in a British uniform, whatever it be, and then I shall know you belong to us, Nicholas, as you did always, as long as I remember you.'

"Nicholas looked so grateful to me for this speech, that I almost regretted having said what I did. He took no notice of Ianthe, and her wishes for his chivalrous equipment, but came and seated himself by me.

"My father, who had listened to this conversation, said, 'You are then decided for the army, Nicholas?'

"'Yes, if you please, without any doubt,' was the firm reply.

"On this, my father seated himself at the writing-table, and, after musing some time, took a sheet of paper and wrote what appeared to be rather a long letter, which he sealed and left on the table, addressed to the Secretary at War. He then quitted the room, and we saw him depart on a solitary ride towards York.

"I now saw much of Nicholas; he was naturally fond of music, and had studied with some success in Germany. He assured me that in any regiment, university, college,

or general assembly of Germans, a man was set down for an idiot, a dummkopft, who could not appreciate music. For a proof, he had several Burschenlieder to quote and to sing in support of his argument. Some of these were very pretty airs, but I will say nothing of the sense. He is certainly very agreeable, and very handsome. It is a pity we have no society for him here. My music seems to please him above every thing here: I know it is so far from perfect in execution, that it must be from liking the taste of my selections and arrangements, and manner of playing generally. Congeniality of taste in music, depends upon mind as much as upon ear. His partiality for me, that is, for all of us, is not unnatural; but he must have heard such fine music at Berlin and Hanover!

"Ianthe is very fond of drawing; she says she will draw every thing that Niccò describes. Una is too much occupied to attend to him.

" We are very fond of enjoying the moonlight nights, by strolling along the grassy terrace towards the observatory. We go all three linked together like a heart's-ease, ad-

miring the beauteous heavens; but I think with three distinct casts of thought—trying to observe something that we may report to grandpapa. He never fails to draw some deep moral reflection from the firmament, which Una especially listens to with profound attention. How different—how immeasurably grander, are the convictions arising from the devout contemplation of the heavenly host, from the vague superstitions of the early astrologers! They wondered in their ignorance; we wonder yet more in our knowledge.

"Although I have become gradually aware that my two sisters are both very unlike me in some things, I am pleased to see that we still are as much attached to each other as ever. Ianthe is always ready to read poetry with me, and is in raptures with my poor drawings: the fact is, that she has great natural taste, and is quick enough to see what I aim at, and partial enough to think that I accomplish it. Both are fond of my music, and there indeed I think I can satisfy them. I have learnt a great deal in that art from Mademoiselle Hoffmann. If Ianthe

had application, she would, with her talent and eagerness, do much that I only attempt.

"Nicholas would please me a great deal better if he would not pay me such exclusive attention. He has seen a little of the world, no doubt, and thinks it the way he ought to show his admiration of a lady: but, between us, there is no necessity for that, and it seems to me ridiculous. He thinks me alone worth speaking to in the house, and would consign my sisters to the nursery. I fear to say any thing that may offend his pride, or rather his *amour propre*—for his fiery temper would certainly take up any thing that crossed his bent, in the most violent manner.

"Last night, after one of our long terrace-walks, the air being chilly, we returned rather sooner than usual to grandpapa's library. We all three sat by an open window, whence we could see the moon and Jupiter in brilliant beauty; the air was perfumed with the odour of magnolias, which came and went with every puff of wind: when Nicholas begged me to give him some music. Thinking it would please him, I

sung off-hand, without moving from my seat, a charming German melody of Schubert's, which I had learnt from Mademoiselle Hoffmann, who was present. It chanced to please everybody, and Nicholas was earnest that I should sing again; but, feeling I had taken cold, and dreading a return of illness —bearing also in mind the frequent cautions I had received from Dr. M'Leod, that even when not ill I was not to consider myself well, or as strong as other people, I declined. I, therefore, asked Mademoiselle Hoffmann to sing. She complied, and sang a favourite Berlin air of Nicholas's with true German force and spirit—but nothing would please him. He could not complain of me, but he was disappointed; that is enough to put him out of humour. He retreated, and was silent for the rest of the evening; though Una sat down to the organ, which she touches very nicely, though so young, and played some thrilling church music, greatly to grandpapa's satisfaction.

"My father is gone back to town for some political combination, of which I never wish to know any thing, while happy at Cheyne.

"Nicholas is in better humour; he has been telling us diverting stories about the German universities, which he seems to consider delightful places for youths of any fire, or spirit. Duels, rows, party demonstrations, quarrels with the police, are the general topics. He has a fine voice, and enlivens his anecdotes with some stirring songs. One summer he walked for six weeks, with a dozen companions, over half Germany and Switzerland, faring one day like princes, another like beggars, and, as he describes it, wearing a most picturesque, or mountebank costume. I wish he was always as agreeable as he was to-day. Ianthe dotes on him. She is going to ride with him to-day, as in former times. I positively declined it. I have not spirits to meet his, and I wish to be quiet. I am not ill, but I feel that I am but too ready for illness of any kind, should it come. Burschenschäft, is too boisterous for me, or for Una either.

"I have been painfully roused from all other reflections by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Murray, who rushed hastily into my little boudoir, and told me, with great signs

of alarm, that Ianthe was brought home by some of the farmer's men, having had a bad fall while riding with Nicholas. Nothing was known of the cause of the accident, Nicholas having gallopped off for the surgeon as soon as he had put her into the farmer's gig, under care of one of his own sons, to drive slowly to the house. One of the labourers had run on by a shorter way to prepare us for the intelligence.

"Evening. Thank God, I can now say my dear sister is out of danger. I shall ask her no questions, however, till she is much better. Most providentially, she escaped with only severe bruises, and suffers little pain now.

"Ianthe is better to-day. She tells me that Nicholas went out in a bad humour because I would not ride. For three miles he would not speak a word, but walked his horse, a most unusual thing with him. Ianthe was piqued, and said, 'Now, Niccò, you think I cannot ride with you, but you know not how much I have learnt since you went abroad.' She then leapt her horse over a few small ditches and bushes, and at last drew his

attention so far as to make him say, 'Well, I see you can do something, can you follow me?' and immediately he spurred his horse on to a considerable fence, never thinking she would follow.

"'But I,' said Ianthe, 'did follow, without thinking, and got this fall. I know nothing more.'

"To do Nicholas justice, he was exceedingly distressed and grieved at this accident; but, unaccustomed to ride with ladies, he forgets how little their horses can do in comparison with his own. He sent the groom for the surgeon, and rode, or rather flew, himself to the farm, to get assistance to bring Ianthe home. How lucky they were on the grass, and not on the York road!

"Papa will be very angry when he hears of this, and perhaps forbid her riding any more with Nicholas.

"Nicholas behaved very well in going straight to grandpapa and telling him the whole story, and frankly taking the blame on himself. But I must blame Ianthe's heedlessness.

"I think this untoward event has made

Nicholas less assuming; at least, he makes up for it to Ianthe, telling her German fairy tales, always with some funny ending, as she lies on her sofa after dinner. I take care he shall not accuse me of unkindness on this occasion.

"Nicholas is in raptures. A letter with a large seal arrived to-day from the Horse-Guards, containing his commission to a cornetcy in the life-guards. For the first time in my life, I heard him say, 'The duke has done this kindly; it is just what I wished.' He goes to London to-morrow.

"Grandpapa was in the secret, and therefore not surprised. He told Nicholas he was lucky to get into so good a regiment, and that so soon. He sent for Nicholas into his own room, and had some private conversation with him, the result of which I learned from Nicholas himself. Meeting me as he came out of grandpapa's room, he said, with more than usual feeling, 'Chrissy, now I am going, I hope you will write to me sometimes. Your good grandfather will tell you himself that he has allowed me to correspond with you. Good old Mr. Lovel! he at least is kind!

He has promised to give me a charger when I join my regiment. Ianthe, I hope, will soon recover; and Una,' he added, laughing, 'will perhaps be out of the nursery when I next come to Cheyne. Good-bye!'

"Since Nicholas has been gone, I have had time to see a little more of the Grays. Grandpapa has kindly sent Edmund Gray to Oxford, and is going to offer the living of Cheyne to a deserving clergyman in the city of York, to be held until Edmund can take orders and occupy the cure. A younger boy is placed, also by grandpapa's help, in a merchant's house in London; and Lucy Gray, the eldest, has found, through Mdlle. Hoffmann, who has really taken great trouble about the matter, a situation as companion to a German lady in Saxony. Mrs. Gray cannot part with the two younger; they go with her into Devonshire, where her family live, and will, I hope, do well.

"To-day, I hear that Cheyne rectory is not to be long without an occupant. Grandpapa has heard of a gentleman who wishes to hold a retired living temporarily to recruit his health, as he is obliged to leave a populous

manufacturing district, where he has exhausted his strength by unremitting labour in that most uninviting field. I honour and respect a clergyman who so devotes himself, and I am anxious to make acquaintance with him for Una's sake. Her quiet sort of enthusiasm—the most difficult to temper with caution—is, I see, fast bending towards visionary ideas. So young and pure-minded, she requires a guide, and it must be my part to seek out what is good for her. A sensible and experienced clergyman would be her best friend. My own taste is sufficiently pointed towards the quiet and unobtrusive duties of life, to make me wish also for such a friend and counsellor living near us; but Una has so little experience (and naturally not much foresight) that I must think of her first.

"I hear the name of our new clergyman is the Hon. and Rev. Bernard Clive, of a noble Scotch family, who, for private reasons, has taken up this line, and has engaged in it with an ardour worthy of so holy a cause. He is strongly recommended by our archbishop as a man of a highly cultivated mind, in addition to his virtuous qualities. I hope

he may prove an agreeable companion to grandpapa, who is likely to see much of him, and who, I am sorry to observe, is now getting more in need of the constant society of one or two persons. Mr. Clive is to come on Monday, in order to have the week at liberty before entering on his duties the Sunday following.

"Grandpapa and Mrs. Murray have been talking together, and to-day I am told, to my great joy, that I am not to go to London to be presented, or to come out, till I am nineteen—two years hence; but there will be company invited here from time to time, which I am glad of for grandpapa's sake. I feel equal to that; but I should soon be ill again in smoky London. I shall remain with my sisters, whom it is most important I should not leave at this point of all our lives.

"My aunt, Countess Fanny von Arnheim, has promised a visit from Germany, principally to see me. I do not recollect her; but I know she was here when I was a child—I think about the time of my dear mother's death. It is well that my first visitor since

I am lady of the manor, should be a near relation.

"At present, I am quite at home in my new position. The house is always regular, and my habits are so by custom. I sit in my mother's lovely morning-room, embellished by her taste, and painted by Mayer with scenes of her travels; I have my books, my work, my music with me; and Mrs. Murray, Mdlle. Hoffmann, and my sisters, come and go when they like. Yet I always try to have a part of their studies—no matter what—conducted in my room, as I can still profit by them, either in learning or in practice. Drawing is what I now take to most—that is, always after music.

"I have often reflected on the question, why God has made this world, and this life in the world, so truly enjoyable as without presumption one may say it is to those who, with the means to make it useful, sincerely endeavour to employ those means in conformity to his law. We all learn as the tritest of moral precepts, that the pleasures of this world are all perishable, foolish, or guilty; we are taught to beware of some, to abhor

and utterly eschew others; but how does this apply to such as dear and *aimable* grandpapa, my own mother, and such as I would fain pray and hope to be?

"Now I see the sums of money that go, not wastefully, luxuriously, or ostentatiously, in a house like this, but every thing well spent either in friendly kindness, or country hospitality (not London dinners)—a fortune spent in well-regulated improvements, in the arts and sciences, which quicken the intellect as well as embellish the life and aid the resources of man, in good, useful literature, encouragement delicately and judiciously given to the struggling and industrious labourer in every path of life—I wonder, when I see such advances made in a true and virtuous path, why such a life may not endure? why must it, like the life of the wicked, be cut short by death?

"All this would be the extreme of vanity were it known to others, but as my own private thought it is good for me to pursue my own ideas to a conclusion. And I wish now I had had courage to open my heart on such subjects to poor, good Mr. Gray; but I was

not then in a situation to judge of things as I do now, and perhaps he was too old to enter fully into my inexperienced inquiries.

"Must we then conclude that there is something even in our most innocent pleasures, even in those which arise from doing the greatest benefits to our fellow-creatures —that is not pure enough to last? We cannot doubt that charity is virtuous, and that the founding of schools, the building of churches, and, above all, the personal and painstaking investigation of all the good in every line that our easily satisfied intentions prompt us to do, must be pleasing to the Almighty.

"Yes! I see that nothing is, or is meant to be, perfect in this world. When I think of the little we do in comparison of the Christian missionary, in ancient or in modern times, my heart fails; and, though I cannot so confuse good and evil as to believe with some that nothing is good, I see plainly that ours is not the widow's mite, and that it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. His most difficult task is, perhaps, —not to be excluded.

CHAPTER IV.

The man whose lady love is virgin truth,
Must woo a lady that is hard to win:
She smiles not on the wild and wordy din
Of all confiding, all protesting youth;
The sceptic's apathy; the garb uncouth,
And cynic sneer of o'er experienced sin,
The serpent writhing in its worn-out skin,
Craving again to flesh its sated tooth,
She quite abhors. She is not fond nor coy—
Self-seeking love and self-appraising scorn,
She knows not. She hath utterly foresworn,
Her worldly dower of wealth, and pride, and joy—
Her very beauty none but they discover,
Who for herself, not for her beauty, love her.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

"MR. BERNARD CLIVE, our new clergyman, paid his first visit to my grandfather to-day. I feel that it is the beginning of a great change in the parish; and, though I doubt not that there is much for a zealous and active clergyman to do, I cannot, nevertheless, get over the loss of our venerable and kind-hearted Mr. Gray. He might have been the very model of Chaucer's clergyman.

"I was sitting by my grandfather in his study, busied in reading to him some extracts from a report of the late French discoveries in astronomy, when the Rev. Mr. Clive was announced. I laid down my book, and was on the point of leaving the room, when my grandfather, who heard me move, said—'Stay, Chrissy, Mr. Clive must be introduced to you too, and there can be no time for it more proper than the present.' I, therefore, remained.

"Mr. Clive entered the room, and as he advanced immediately to the spot where my grandfather was sitting, and did not appear to notice me, I had full leisure to observe his appearance. Tall and dark-haired, though of a pale and careworn complexion, his expression denoted uncommon earnestness and decision. His eye, beaming with a lustre which I could not at once determine to be the effect of natural fire, or of recent feverish excitement, impressed me with a high idea of his intelligence, which his mouth, his voice, and manner, did not belie.

"He addressed my grandfather in a tone of respect, and even of regard, which, consi-

dering the circumstances of his recent presentation to the living, was but natural; and on Mr. Lovel's holding out his hand, as if seeking for that of his new acquaintance, Mr. Clive took it, and shook hands with him, saying in few, but remarkably well-chosen words, how much gratified he felt at having been selected by Mr. Lovel for the office of Cheyne rectory, even as a temporary cure.

"After a few words, my grandfather introduced Mr. Clive to me. He only then seemed to notice my presence, bowed to me in a distant manner, and seated himself by my grandfather's little table.

"They soon began a conversation upon matters connected with the parish, and with the present state of religious feeling and of education in Yorkshire, which, though it interested me in many particulars, offered no opportunity for my joining in it. I could not help remarking that Mr. Clive, although he addressed his discourse exclusively to my grandfather, had tact enough to comprehend, from my being kept in the room, as well as from Mr. Lovel's asking me once or twice the number of children in the Sunday school,

the age and character of some of the girls, and other questions connected with the humble statistics of our village, that I was in part initiated into the government of our rural community, and that consequently he might speak freely before me.

"I think I gained much from that conversation: not directly, for on his part it consisted almost entirely of numerous, but most pertinent questions. They were, it is true, interspersed with a few occasional remarks, derived from his experience of the scenes he had left; but these few remarks showed me at once the depth and penetration of his mind, and his talent for bringing all his knowledge of the world to bear upon the circumstances of our poor cottagers. I could not but admire his understanding, though it appeared to me somewhat rigid: but I wondered that, with such great and evident benevolence of design, it appeared not to be in his nature to give utterance to a few expressions of kindness and compassion for the poor, such as are but too common in the mouths of far inferior men. No, he is certainly a man of resolution and

action, not a man of words; he spoke of every thing for the poor as if it were to be done by means from on high, with abundance of labour, but—as far as I heard him—with little of love. I am curious to see how he will effect his purposes. His greatness of mind, and evident capability, as well as willingness to labour, deserve a blessing; I doubt whether they will meet with gratitude.

"But I am wandering. I ought long ago to have learned, that as it is our duty to labour for the good of others, our conscience must in most cases be our sole reward—in this world.

"As soon as Mr. Clive had finished his business, he took rather an abrupt leave—declining an invitation to dinner. He again bowed in rather a formal manner to me, and went rapidly, as I could see from the windows, towards the parsonage.

"My grandfather expressed himself much pleased with Mr. Clive's manner, and particularly noticed the business-like and direct nature of his questions.

"'I have never,' he said, 'got over so

much business in so short a time with any body. Mr. Clive has evidently a clear head, and quick perception of every thing that a clergyman has to do, or to inquire into, on taking a new living. You may not have observed, though I did, that not one of his numerous questions bore upon any subject which was not to be matter of practical occupation to him during this next week. I feel sure we have obtained a conscientious and indefatigable pastor for this parish, and I look forward with interest to hearing him preach his first sermon next Sunday, if I am well enough to go to church—which has not been always the case lately.'

" 'But, grandpapa,' I said, 'do you not think there was occasionally something stern, or at least dry, in his manner of passing over some of your observations on the increase of Dissenters in this neighbourhood? His voice and words had something so eloquent in them, that I was longing for him to enlarge a little upon that topic. Yet he stopped short, as if afraid to trust himself with an engrossing theme.'

" 'Mr. Clive is evidently a man of great

powers both of expression and compression: he seems to think words, except in giving or asking direct instruction or advice, are thrown away in common conversation. I should not be surprised if we found him inclined at times to be very silent.'

"'I was much interested, grandpapa, in the little he said about the differences of capacity, as well as of disposition, between the lower orders in the towns and in the country, and how pleasant it was, when you found a good subject among the truly industrious manufacturers, to be comprehended at once without the trouble—or rather the liability—to mistake; for Mr. Clive does not mind trouble—of the frequent repetitions and explanations required by the slower genius of the country people.'

"'Our country folks may be slow at understanding novelties, but they are proverbial for quickness and resources where action is required. They certainly want a higher instruction, and that, I hope, Mr. Clive will assist us to procure for them. As it is, I doubt the city of York being able to send out a more intelligent and promising colony

of emigrants than those who, you remember, went from this and the two next parishes to Australia two years ago. No, I spoke myself to the leaders of each party, men and women; God prosper them, wherever they are now!'

"My dear grandfather could not bear to hear any thing like a depreciation of the Yorkshire peasantry; I never saw him betray a tendency to irritation on any other subject; and as it certainly was not my intention to say any thing in disparagement of those among whom I was brought up, and to whom I felt bound by every tie of local attachment, I said no more.

Sunday came, and we went as usual to morning church. I say, as usual; but I know not why—I went, certainly, with a greater anxiety to hear the service, and especially the sermon, than I had ever felt before. I had frequented so small a number of churches in my life, owing to my having lived so constantly at home, that I had had but little opportunity, had I the inclination, to compare the different styles of preaching

which obtain currency in the clerical profession.

"An opinion seems gaining ground in these days, that the sermon is the only, or the chief part of the service to which our attention need be directed; and that the prayers are only to be considered as a sort of proper and religious introduction, merely adopted *pro formâ*, from long usage. I never could give in to this opinion. I consider what is read from the Bible as entirely above mortal criticism; I bow to the sublime truths it unfolds with the resignation and humility of, I hope, a true Christian: in an inferior degree, I reverence and join in the heavenly prayers of our holy church, as the compositions of those saintly men whose words I am not worthy to weigh, or to doubt; but of the sermon, though I do not undervalue it as a means of virtuous and moral instruction, I think myself, in common with the congregation, entitled, if not qualified, to judge. Of course, I feel my own inability to criticise the learning of our appointed priests, and, conscious of my youth and inexperience, I accept all they say as better

grounded than any opinions of my own—yet I take their decisions only upon trust, until I may have arrived at conclusions drawn directly from the doctrines of the gospel. I was, therefore, curious to hear the first authoritative teaching which was to proceed from so eminent a divine as Mr. Bernard Clive.

"The service proceeded as usual in a country parish church. There had never been any novelties or peculiarities in our mode of conducting the liturgy. Mr. Gray's ministration had lasted so many years, that he had entered upon it before any new ideas had been started, and fortunately lived long enough to maintain and confirm the established ritual of the church in the hearts of all his parishioners. Our simple music and hymns were continued from year to year; Mr. Gray, determined to end as he had begun, never sanctioned the least change. Mr. Clive had never made a single inquiry upon the subject—his mind, his heart I should say, intently fixed on far higher objects, utterly overlooked the silly differences which he must have known to be the bane

of our church. His mission was not as a regulator of ordinances, but as a preacher of the word of God.

"A feeling of expectation pervaded the whole mass of assembled parishioners. Mr. Clive's dignified appearance, and most melodious voice, gave an impulse to which the congregation responded. At length, he ascended the pulpit.

"I cannot repeat a line of his sermon, although my attention was so riveted, that at the time I lost not a word. His manner was most striking. The commencement, even after the text, had more the effect and style of a prayer, delivered with a formal but intense energy, than of a sermon. He implored God's blessing on his labours in behalf of those who heard him; and, after a pause, entered upon the subject of his discourse with an ever-varying animation, which never suffered our attention to flag. Such a flow of beautiful language, employed sometimes in strict argument, sometimes in felicitous illustration—now rising almost into poetry, now descending to the level of the commonest understanding in explanation

or in teaching—it has never been my fortune to hear. This, said I, is eloquence; this is using the gift of God to the noblest end. I had now a clear conception of the possibility of inspiration; I could now fancy that I had heard Saint Paul, and, if prophecy had been the subject of his discourse, I could have figured to myself the prophet Isaiah.

"'I never heard such a preacher; he has touched every point effectively, and in the most convincing manner. His language, too, is perfectly beautiful.'

"Such were my grandfather's words to me on leaving the church. My sisters were both equally gratified; but Una I found, long after, remembered the words of the preacher most correctly.

"I assisted him out of church, and into a little pony-carriage which stood at the gate, and then took my accustomed walk to the Sunday-school.

"On my return to the house, I found that letters had arrived from my aunt, Countess Fanny, to say that she proposed herself the pleasure of shortly executing her long intended project of visiting England, and that,

if it was convenient to her brother, she would come to Cheyne in about a fortnight after the date of her letter. Should any thing intervene, I was to write to her at Paris, where she could be contented to wait any length of time until we should be at liberty to receive her.

"My grandfather desired me to write to her at Paris, that he would be glad if she could defer her visit one week longer, after which Cheyne should be open to her for the whole winter, if she pleased to stay. The fact was, that he was now earnestly engaged with Mr. Clive in settling the improvements in the parish which he had so much at heart, and, knowing his sister's frivolity, he feared an interruption to his serious occupations were she to come sooner.

"On my part, I was anxious to see my aunt, for I hardly remembered her, and I was not sorry that grandpapa should have a little more varied society.

"My early recollections were now fast fading away, and I am glad of the opportunity that offers itself to set down, for future

retrospection, what I did recollect at that time of my first impressions.

"I remembered nothing of being abroad, nothing of the sea, nor of my father's yacht, though I had, and have still a distinct recollection, that the coming to England was a complete change from all I had until then known. What I had previously known was too indistinct to form any picture on my mind; still, I remember feeling that in England all was new to me. I was given warm clothes, and saw the fire, which I know astonished my young ideas. My mother I perfectly recollected, at least I fancied so; but as she lived some short time after returning to England, that slight difference might account for it. But my remembrance of her was vivid, independent of time or place, of being abroad or at home; it was no effort of memory, it was natural feeling that brought her daily before my eyes, that made her present to me; ah, how present! I should fear to be accused of superstition if I were to tell strong-minded men—Mr. Clive—how near I have believed her to me, with soft and lovely eyes, like Una's, a smile full of heavenly life, like

Ianthe's, again and again confiding her orphan children to me, an orphan, a child, too. I dare not dwell upon these thoughts; but, far from leading me to weakness, they have given strength to my resolutions, and aided my faltering purpose on many occasions. I heard the tones of her sweet voice as she had of old joined my little hands together, and taught me to pray. No, such visions of the mind are no unhealthy superstitions—they are ideas sent from God. I know they are not realities, tangible, material realities—but I am sure that our tamed, civilized life excludes us from many profound and heart-stirring impressions, which were known to men of simpler life and a less sophisticated age. As long as the soul seeks to stand right with our God, we need not fear that any elevation of spirit should draw us from our sphere. Even Mr. Clive, steady and imperturbable as he is, allows his thoughts full scope on heavenly things, and does but gain in inspiration, I could almost say—certainly in that devout enthusiasm which gives him such wonderful power in his vocation. Oh,

how my mother would have valued such a man! I long to talk to him of her.

"In due time, my aunt, Countess Fanny Von Arnheim, arrived. I had made preparations for all we had been told to expect as her suite—namely, two maids, a courier, a footman, and a *demoiselle de compagnie*, who very fortunately begged to be left behind at the last moment. We had been threatened with a secretary and a physician, but the expenses of such a numerous cortége frightened my aunt, when she came to consider the number of extra post-horses, and the bills at the hotels. So we were happily spared the infliction, and also that of an artist, whom she said she would have engaged, had she known of the defection of the demoiselle in time. But I was not prepared for the parrot, the lap-dogs, and the monkey, who made up for the want of other travelling companions, and were, as we were told, accustomed to have a page to wait on them at home, in their chateau in Germany.

"However, all were accommodated. My aunt seemed happy to see us, and really thought us creditable grand-nieces. She com-

plimented Mrs Murray on her success with us, as she termed it, and attributed a great deal to the careful tuition of Mademoiselle Hoffmann; there being, according to my aunt, no better school of manners and education than that of German society. It came out afterwards that when she was here, in our infancy, she had recommended the engagement of a German governess, and imagined it must have been in deference to her advice that we had, many years afterwards, cultivated German and music, under Mademoiselle Hoffmann, to whom in consequence she was very condescending.

"My aunt amused us very much by her exaggerated pictures of the charms of continental society, and enlarged upon the advantages of birth and heraldic honours, in the grand affair of marrying a daughter suitably. She told us of the exclusive respect shown to the cream of society at Vienna, of the numerous princes of the empire to be met with at Berlin and Munich, of the *partis très comme il faut*, that were annually mated —checkmated, grandpapa said—at Carlsbad, Baden, and other such *rendezvous du grand*

monde. And, as a most important and crowning circumstance, she added, that a great change had taken place in the inner mind of the German nobility in her time; namely, that whereas in the last century—from which, indeed, she dated—the high nobility would scarcely admit the families of English peers to be of rank to marry with them, they would now admit willingly a connexion with even the rich untitled gentry of England, provided they could produce sixteen good quarterings—'as you remember, brother, you did for me.'

"I was not slow to perceive the drift of these conversations, and that the highly-coloured descriptions of my aunt were intended to make an impression upon me. She at last frankly brought forward the subject, and told my grandfather that, as she herself had paved the way, there could be no reason why I might not have the supreme happiness of wedding a prince of the empire, and even named some young hereditary princes, whom she hinted that she could as good as dispose of.

"This was the first time that any idea of

matrimony had been brought home to me as applicable to myself. I was embarrassed beyond measure. Luckily, an immediate answer was by no means necessary, as I had only my good aunt's airy schemes to reject, and not the overtures of any of these wonderful princes in person. They probably knew no more of me than I did of them. My grandfather did not receive the idea favourably, thinking perhaps that one foreign connexion was quite enough for the family already, and the matter dropped, which relieved me from listening to many long stories.

"My father arrived about this time from London, and was soon followed by our old friend Mayer, whose now recognised position, as one of the first painters of the day, gained him ready admittance to the best society, and who was always welcome at Cheyne.

"Nicholas also obtained leave from his regiment to pass a short time with us. We rather looked forward to him to contribute by his life and spirits, and his recent acquaintance with Germany, to the amusement of my aunt, who was apt to tire of the monotony of country life in England. Real

country life on the continent is monotonous enough, to judge from all I have heard of it; far more so than in England, and far more wearisome, because it is monotony without resources. But few persons there live often in the country, if connected with a court, or with town society; what they compare with English country life is their *villaggiatura*, or transient visits to their villas near some great city, or a winter's residence with a large party assembled for the chase in some rambling chateau. In either case, the country life they lead is very different from ours.

"I confess I was anxious to behold our early playmate Nicholas again, because, though I had seen him since his return from Germany, I could not conceal from myself that there was something in his tone and manners that I hoped might improve from mixture with good English society. Older than I, and now a young man, there was no longer any reason or claim on his part, for that sort of care on mine, to which my mother's affection had recommended him; nevertheless, I wished him well, and should

regard with real pleasure any credit he might achieve for himself.

"Nicholas has been here now three days —he has got rid of much of his foreign air, and has a military bearing which suits his handsome figure well. Even my aunt, who remembers rather too correctly some of his tricks as a boy, when she had a special dislike to him, says, that he has now quite the *tournure* of the Prussian guards—that seems to be her beau-ideal of a young officer. He remembers aunt Fanny quite as well as she does him, and after politely gliding up to her, and making his bow, retreated with an air of indifference, to which she was not quite accustomed.

"Being never tired of talking of Germany, and the pleasures of courtly society in that country, she could not but occasionally mention generals and officers of rank, with whose names and reputation at least, Nicholas, though only a cadet, was well acquainted. She had an evident desire to talk with him of Germany; but did not like to condescend to a young gentleman, as she whispered,

whose paternal coat of arms she was ignorant of.

"Countess Fanny von Arnheim, being a great lady at a small court, was beset by a desire to appear a great lady every where. She found an opportunity one day at dinner, when there was a larger company than usual, to descant on the agreeable life one passed in what she called, to grandpapa's scarcely repressed horror, her own country; how time was equally divided between the court, the watering-place, and the chasse; and how to persons of rank and station, that deference was universally paid, which she seemed to think wofully deficient in England.

"'Surely,' said my father, 'you do not compare the German baths—except for some poor invalids—to the English sea-side? I do not mean that the comparison is a just one as to the nature of the places themselves, but as convenient residences, or resources for those who have no country-house. Surely, our cities of the shore are superior to every thing, except the first-rate towns of the Mediterranean.'

"'What I mean, brother, is, that at

Carlsbad, Ems, or Baden, one cannot only enjoy a fine country, but meet with the society of a court in the very streets. The chamberlains of three kings were present at once at a soirée at Ischl last summer at my house —and then the princes from all parts of the empire! Lieutenant Brydges, no doubt, is able to confirm what I say, having spent so much time in Germany.'

"'It is very true,' answered Nicholas, gravely, 'the court is at present in the streets, and likely to remain there if the sentiments of the German people prevail.'

"'I perceive, sir, that you were not of the guards in any German service, or you would not put forward the sentiments of the most unworthy part of the population. The guards of every German sovereign are loyal, so are doubtless her Majesty's; but I cannot conceive what the sentiments of the people have to do with the respect due to their rulers.'

"'It is long since you left England, sister,' said grandpapa, drily.

"'I know you must have liberty here for

the exclusive use of the country gentlemen,' retorted Countess Fanny.

"'I assure you,' said Nicholas, rather sarcastically, 'that in all the military academies nothing could exceed our loyalty to the powers that were—except our prospective devotion to those that were to be.'

"'And pray, lieutenant, what powers could you possibly look forward to?'

"'I was a poor cadet, and looked forward to nothing but promotion. But to answer your question, countess, I listened to the talk of the elders of the regiments quartered in our stadt, and I heard of wars, treaties, territorial arrangements, and changes that would, and perhaps will, displace every crowned head in the confederacy.'

"'What, displace the princes of the empire! Mediatize the dukes, perhaps?'

"'Perhaps—no one knows what perhaps may signify. I can assure you we spared the duchesses—and the countesses.'

"'If I may speak,' modestly interposed Mayer, 'such sentiments are rife, not only in the military academies, but in the universities all over Germany. It may be idle talk

among the military, who each wish to see their own duke or prince greater than his neighbours, as the army is sure to rise with him; but in the cool-headed students there is a most ungovernable spirit. I doubt their sparing princes, or princesses.'

"'Mercy!' exclaimed the countess, 'the minister of state, Von Pudelschwing, told me only a month ago, there was no danger of any thing happening. They are godless fellows those students, I know, and when beer is cheap they are alive to any mischief.'

"'There are some particular friends of mine among them,' said Nicholas.

"'And their professors are not much better, I fear.'

"'Not a single professor of the fine arts has turned jacobin, madam,' said Mayer.

"'Oh! but they will directly, no doubt,' rejoined the terrified countess. 'I do not know why the king tolerates so many professors; they preach Strauss, Hegel, Schelling, and we shall have the anabaptists back again. Mademoiselle Hoffmann, did you ever hear of such things when you were in Germany?'

"'Yes, countess, too often, from my brothers, who were then at the university. They knew, I fear, too many of those wild, unruly subjects of all classes. In the little town where we lived, there was a certain Hans Fleischhakkel, ex-butcher to a noble family, who had lived at Dorf-Arnheim, close to the Arnheim estates, madam'—

"'Fleischhakkel, our good old faithful mutton butcher? the best mutton butcher in Bavaria'—

"'He was known to the police as a most determined red republican'—

"'I will not believe it—besides, that is some years ago, and nothing has happened.'

"'The man is dead, countess, so you need not fear him now.'

"'The butchers are great jacobins all over Germany,' said Nicholas; 'and, if they had their own way, you would have no game left on your estates, I fear, countess.'

"Thus they tormented my poor aunt, who was somewhat of an alarmist, till my grandfather, thinking it was time to restore her equanimity, changed the subject, and we soon retired from table.

"Papa has brought down with him from London a most beautiful little African gazelle for Una, who is charmed with her new fondling. It was so wild at first, but soon became tame to her, but not to us; it seemed to discover her tender and loving nature as if by instinct, and now follows her about like her Italian greyhound. It is to have a little paddock and shed made for it. I envy Una almost that extraordinary power of attaching even dumb creatures to her, not merely by kindness, which she would be sure to show them sooner or later, but before she has had time to show it. They seem to know her at once. Oh! if at some future period she may exercise that kindly influence over her fellows—as it suddenly strikes me she undoubtedly does in her school, where she succeeds already better than any of us—what a blessing it may prove to whatever circle it may be her lot to enter! Dear girl, she is always coming to me or to Mrs. Murray for advice; but it is her own soft but steady nature that gives a heavenly charm to all she does, far beyond our advice or instruction.

"Now we have seen more of Mr. Clive. I think he perceives that Una and I pay more attention to his discourses than Ianthe. That is the case, and I find only Una who likes, as I do, to recapitulate at leisure the substance of his eloquent sermons—and indeed of his instructive and edifying conversation. He is coming to dine here next week, with his late pupil and present friend, Lord Haddon; and, now I find his conversation is not mere question and answer, I am always glad when he comes. Yet, even now, he will break off abruptly the most interesting conversation to pursue any useful inquiry. Good as he is, he is not made for every body's liking.

"Mr. Clive is a great advocate for extending education; he has seen nothing of mine or of my sisters' labours in it as yet; but after church, next Sunday, I shall bring them to the school, which he has promised to attend.

"Nicholas has imported some strange ideas from Germany, which I do not quite like. He confounds philosophy with religion, and maintains that the world will be none the

worse when both are acknowledged to be the same thing under different aspects. This he calls true German Protestantism, and says that the most eminent professors in the university he frequented taught no other doctrine. If he thinks to please me by proclaiming these notions, which he seems to imagine, he is very much mistaken.

"Yesterday was Sunday, and, as had been agreed upon, I went with my sisters to the Sunday-school with Mdlle. Hoffmann, who often accompanies us there, to meet Mr. Clive. When we were all there, we each took our respective parts as usual; that is, I spoke in general terms to the mistress and to the children upon their behaviour in church and in school; Ianthe went round and inspected their books, slates, &c., a duty she liked, and got over very quickly; while Una quietly drew out her Bible, and selected a chapter for reading.

"The lessons passed very much as usual; each child read a few verses according to its proficiency, and at every pause I made some plain remarks upon the substance of the passage. Ianthe did the same, but did not

seem much at home that day—awed, perhaps, by the presence of Mr. Clive—who sat silent, but intensely attentive, near the schoolmistress. Una took the book and stood beside her children, looking like a docile and lovely scholar herself, so young, so pure; and when the verses were read, stepped forward meekly and presented her Bible to Mr. Clive, begging him to say something to the children upon what they had read, for they had been very good this week, and then sat down by me.

"Mr. Clive was sensibly touched by this artless appeal, and Una's openness undoubtedly met its reward; for I never heard a more appropriate address—adapted entirely to children's capacities—than that he gave in reply. He then returned the Bible to her, with an expression of interest and satisfaction beyond the power of words. Una is only in her sixteenth year; but her calm goodness and self-possession seem to put her on an equality with persons far her seniors in years as in experience.

"We all walked together to the gate of the flower-garden, where Ianthe went off to

find Nicholas, and make him take a long walk with her. Mr. Clive did not leave Una and myself till we arrived at the hall-door.

"Ianthe's volatile disposition is a disappointment to me; she is kind and affectionate, but her frivolity will spoil her for the useful ends of life, if she does not acquire more solid tastes.

"Lord Haddon, Mr. Clive's former pupil, called here to-day; he seemed much struck with Ianthe's beauty. She seemed more intent, however, on listening to Nicholas's German stories, in which Lord Haddon, too, who has travelled much, seemed to take a good deal of interest, though their views in many respects seem totally divergent.

"My aunt has been making a very extraordinary proposal to papa, which gives me serious concern. She says that my fortune will be so considerable, and my family of that rank, that I might easily obtain, through her means, the honour of an alliance with some German mediatized prince, of birth equal to royalty; that she knows one hereditary prince somewhere near Schwellinburg or Schwallenbruck, whose family would gra-

ciously accept the match. Papa kindly told me that he had rejected the plan *in toto*, so I am saved from that fate at least; and I am not sorry that his decision will prevent my aunt from talking to me upon the subject. She thinks we are all thrown away in our country life here, but we are happy as the day is long; I only fear we are not thankful enough for our happiness, and dread the occurrence of some break in it occurring; not that we have any right to exemption from misfortunes; but I think of and fancy them sometimes, lest I should be unprepared when they may happen.

"Mr. Clive dined here to-day, and brought Lord Haddon, who is a very pleasing and clever young man; but he seems not to have the strong character of his older and more experienced friend. It is my privilege always to lead my grandfather in to dinner: and my heart beat as I thought of my aunt's schemes. Just then, she mentioned Prince Max somebody, and looked rather crossly at me—but, catching my father's eye, was awed into silence. I said to myself, at any rate grandpapa would interpose to prevent my

being exported, like a valuable commodity, for bargain or sale. Thank God, it ended there!

"I was seated between grandpapa and Mr. Clive, who talked more to me than I expected during dinner. To my great pleasure, he approved of our method in the schools, and gave credit to me for that and many things which I hardly deserve. He asked where I could have learned so much that was useful, at the same time with the ornamental parts of education. I pointed to Mrs. Murray, and whispered, 'From her, and from the memory, or, rather I may say, the traditions of a good mother, whom I scarcely knew—but who was formed by the same care and principles which have been a blessing to me, and will be, please God, to my sisters.'

"I could say no more at table, but I hope he will renew the subject. I am so pleased that he approves of me, and that he likes my conversation, as I am sure I enjoy his.

"But I must not in vanity forget to note what ought to be my chief source of gratification; that when I mentioned my sisters, he looked at Una, who was nearly opposite us,

and said with warmth, 'Your youngest sister seems to have a special vocation for the glorious task of teaching the poor. I find that she is the frequent visiter of most of the cottages, not only as you all are, upon errands of common though praiseworthy charity, but bearing the divine message of the gospel to every hearth, reading to the old and with the young, and giving counsel and comfort to all in a way beyond her years.'

"His countenance animated as he spoke, and I listened with the deepest satisfaction to Una's merited praise. He knows he is pleasing me by showing that he appreciates that dear girl.

"But there was one drop of bitterness in my cup of pleasure: he said not a word of Ianthe, though sitting near Una, in great beauty, and evidently engaging, quite unconsciously, a large share of Lord Haddon's attention. I felt his silence, and would have mentioned her name, but I had not courage. I felt, too, that he could not say as much of Ianthe as he had volunteered to say of Una, and that would have been pain to him and me.

"Mr. Clive is certainly handsomer than Nicholas to my taste, though many years older; his expression is that of the highest intelligence; of genius animated by virtue. Nicholas is merely a fine young soldier. Ianthe and he looked well waltzing together last night, when I played some new airs that my aunt brought me from Munich.

"After dinner, the evening being warm, and the moon brilliant beyond measure, we walked late, as we often do, on the long terrace leading to the observatory, where I had promised to show Mr. Clive and Lord Haddon my grandfather's instruments.

"We walked in detached parties. My aunt was engaged in a discussion with Nicholas and Mayer, upon the arts as now cultivated in Germany, Nicholas declaring that none but the Berlin school could paint battles, or the shock of a regiment of dragoons—which he has never seen—in a manner true to nature: Mayer, in behalf of the school of Dresden, maintaining that battles are no test of art; but that the power of clothing the inner sentiments of the heart with body and expression, is the province of

the painter, and appealing to the works of Bendemann as an example. My aunt would hear of nothing but the frescoes of Cornelius; and Mademoiselle Hoffmann, who accompanied her, gently submitted that the arts of sculpture and music were equally worthy of being taken into account. She told, in German, a touching story of a poor but clever artist, whom she had known in a small Franconian town, who had early in life studied at Nuremberg, but had been forced by circumstances to leave his master, and to retire to his native place, where there was little scope for sculpture, except in village tombstones. Too poor to buy marble on which to exercise his genius, he amused his leisure in moulding unprofitable figures in clay. One day, after vainly endeavouring to fashion a lump to his liking, he rolled it, pulled it, and twisted it, in his despair, into a shapeless, or rather a deformed lump, and set it aside on a shelf, behind which was the plain white-washed wall of his humble abode. At night he lit his lamp, and sat a long time musing in his solitary chamber, till looking up, 'You may judge of his

astonishment, countess, when he saw, or fancied he saw, a most graceful figure drawn in chiaro-oscuro on the wall, whose action, whose proportions, far surpassed the idea that had occupied his morning's task, and which he had found himself unable to work out. What did he do, madam? He looked steadfastly at the shadow for nearly an hour, studied it, copied it on paper, and slightly moved his lamp. The shadow moved, and altered its outline and proportions. He then discovered that it was the shadow of his despised lump of clay, in which he had punched a hole with his fingers in anger, which was giving him back, in the rich generosity of which art has never-failing sources, his idea, which the human brain so rarely perfects without supernatural help. Now, having seized the key to this seeming miracle, my friend carefully moved the lamp or the clay into different positions, till he had satisfied his most correct taste, twisted and punched the unlucky—or lucky?—clay a great deal more, drew its outline, and gently shaded the chiaro-oscuro on the wall itself, and, in short, worked from a flitting shadow

to the ductile clay, and finally to the hard marble, till the idea stands embodied in that admirable group of charity which gained a prize at Munich, was bought for a large sum by a noble family, and finally makes the ornament of a great church in Bavaria, besides being the model of so many of those graceful transparencies which have gained such favour in the porcelain fabrics of Germany.'

"'That is art! that is Germany!' exclaimed my aunt, highly delighted; 'it was my husband who bought the group, and gave it to our church at Schloss-Arnheim.'

"Mayer was silent for a minute, but then stepping forward he seized Mademoiselle Hoffmann's hand with emotion, and said with deep feeling,—'Meine Freundinn, das war mein Vater!'

"Nicholas told us all this afterwards, for Mr. Clive and I had walked on to the observatory; and our conversation, too, had been interesting in its way. Ianthe had followed us with Lord Haddon, but Una remained at home with Mrs. Murray, to give grandpapa his coffee.

"I was, therefore, left alone with Mr. Clive, the other groups walking very slowly. I had thus the opportunity of asking his advice on several matters connected with our parish, and even on some relating to my sisters' reading and studies. In a word, I began to consult him, and to tell him more of my own mind than I have done to anybody. His answers were so full of strong sense, and deep insight into human character, tinctured perhaps with a little peculiarity of views on some subjects, that I do not repent having made him my friend. A good parish priest may be, and ought to try to be, the friend of all his parishioners; the good that he can do is not to be over-rated; but, granting the good-will, few men have the talent or rather the tact necessary for it. None, in my opinion, were ever more gifted with that talent than Bernard Clive.

"The party all assembled at last before the door of the observatory, of which I had the key. We entered the building and ascended to the room where the instruments stood, of which I was able to explain the uses. To my surprise, I found Mr. Clive

perfectly ready and qualified to assist in the management of the instruments, so that with his help we were enabled to make several good observations.

" 'Is it not wonderful, Mr. Clive,' said I, 'that our increased knowledge of the heavens, through the help of the best telescopes and the farthest stretching calculations, leads us only to a multiplication of evidences of the greatness of the Almighty Power, and not to any explanation of it?'

" 'To a multiplication of difficulties,' interposed Nicholas, 'and not to a solution of them.'

" 'I should not say it was wonderful,' replied Mr. Clive, 'without you could show that man has a right to know more. I take every discovery made known to us by science, as a free gift of God, who will probably grant us a farther insight into his works whenever the world shall be fit for it.'

" 'When may that be?' asked Ianthe.

" 'When the present daring speculations in physical science—to which I for one do not object—shall be united with a degree of

humility in intellectual research, of which I am sorry to see few traces.'

"'You give us faint hopes, Mr. Clive, of getting much farther in our inquiries,' said Ianthe.

"'Take your excellent grandfather's moral spirit for a guide, young lady; and your sister's heavenly perseverance in good works as an example; and you may be worthy to understand the slowly revealed proofs of God's unrivalled power and beneficence in the stupendous mechanism of the universe, which every year unfolds to the Christian philosopher.'

"Mr. Clive must have forgotten I was there in alluding to me, so unworthy of his praise. I fear his tone sounded harsh to Ianthe. We soon afterwards returned to the house.

"I am fully determined to persevere in good works; Mr. Clive's approbation will be an additional encouragement to me.

"Since that evening, we have walked on the terrace whenever it is fine, and this has given me some delightful conversations with Mr. Clive. What an enlarged mind; what gigantic plans for doing good are these!

Una often joins us, and he takes particular pleasure in explaining his ideas to that young mind, and in hearing her thoughts in return, poured forth as they are in the genuine simplicity of her heart. Nicholas constantly follows us, and is inclined to join us, or rather me; but the nature of our discussions soon drives him away.

"The story of the German sculptor, so prettily told by Mdlle. Hoffmann, was soon repeated to my grandfather, who was mightily pleased with it. He questioned Mayer as to its accuracy, which he confirmed in every point, saying, that he had not only heard it in his youth, but that during his last visit to Germany, a few years ago, his father had again alluded to the circumstances, and had mentioned the Count von Arnheim as the purchaser of his work. I could perceive from this time a kindly feeling springing up between the accomplished artist and our worthy governess, which is not unnatural. Papa has just told me he thinks we want no more governesses; and that, as a true German romance must lead to a marriage, he will do what he can to forward matters between

Mayer, whom he greatly esteems, and Mdlle. Hoffmann, to whom we certainly owe much. It seems, then, that papa is in their secrets.

"This morning I was returning from the village with Una, when Nicholas joined us, and asked, rather abruptly, 'Is Lord Haddon come here to make love to you, Chrissy, or to Ianthe?'

"'What can you mean, Nicholas?' said I; 'nobody has any idea of the kind.'

"'Well, I absolve him from thinking of you; but he seems sensible to the charms of a pretty child.'

"'Ianthe is past seventeen.'

"'I humbly beg her pardon. You, then, are left at liberty?'

"'Nicholas, do talk common sense, or you will end by making me angry.'

"'I know you are too good-tempered to begin by being angry with any one; but there is no saying how human nature may end.'

"'The end must be the consequence of the beginning; therefore, do not let us begin ill lest we end worse.'

"'You will play me some pretty music

this evening, Chrissy, some of my German airs—Der Fuchs, Die Erinnerung; or I will sing you, Die Katzen Melodie, and then we shall understand one another. . . . . But here is the parson coming; leave him to Una and her catechism, or I shall have to talk German theology and neologism to him, which, I guess, he will not like.'

"'Mr. Clive will like any rational conversation or information you can give him, I will answer for it; so do not be afraid of him, Niccò,' volunteered little Una, who broke silence to my surprise, and to Nicholas's diversion.

"Mr. Clive joined us, and, after a few words to Una and to me, said to Nicholas,—

"'Lieutenant Brydges can inform me perhaps of something I have long wished to know; namely, whether in the German universities there is any religious teaching for the students?'

"'There is, and there is not,' said Nicholas. 'Every professor teaches his own creed, and they are various; and every student follows his own inclinations, of which there are an equal variety.'

"'So that the young and inexperienced have ample opportunity afforded them for going wrong?' returned Mr. Clive.

"'You may choose your own path,' said Nicholas, drily. 'The Roman Catholic would make you swallow every thing, which is rather too large a mouthful; the philosophers nothing, which is moral starvation, I confess, and leads to suicide and all manner of nonsense; the Protestants, or so called Rationalists—they are all one in Germany—let you believe just any thing you like—this or that, much or little, no matter what; and perhaps that is the most wholesome diet for a young and healthy intellectual digestion.'

"'You treat these questions with levity in Germany, it appears, sir.'

"'I was a military cadet, and not an university student, Sir. I do not defend their universities or their burschenschaft, though I have known some capital good fellows amongst them, and not a few vain shallow-pated coxcombs. I flatter myself we have better manners and not worse morals in the Guards.'

"'At any rate, German theology has not

prejudiced you for or against any scheme of faith.'

"'My faith is in powder and ball, Sir,' was the correct military answer.

"Silence ensued. Neither party was exceedingly well satisfied with the other; and I know not how long this state of things might have continued had not Lord Haddon fortunately come up, on horseback, and asked Nicholas if he would ride with him, and show him some place in the neighbourhood which the young men had been talking of the day before. Nicholas seemed glad to escape from theology, and returned to the stables for his horse.

"'That young officer wants neither quickness of capacity nor of temper, I fancy. It is extraordinary how young men with such unsettled notions ever succeed in going respectably through life,' Mr. Clive remarked.

"We returned to the house, and met Ianthe, who seemed exceedingly disturbed because papa had forbidden her to ride with Lord Haddon and Nicholas. She is so ardent that she cannot pause to see reason whenever any thing comes to thwart her inclinations, and

I have some trouble occasionally to pacify her; but it is a positive duty to try to do so, and I never neglect it. Mrs. Murray's age and health make me wish to spare her all trouble, if possible; and I know that Ianthe's hastiness of decision, and sometimes of temper, gives great pain to our admirable old friend, and second mother.

"Our path led us through the park, and at Una's desire we diverged a little to see the enclosure which had been made for her gazelle, which she wanted to show to Mr. Clive. I hardly thought his time would allow him to visit such things; but he consented with pleasure, and seemed to take great delight in seeing animals in a state, if not of nature, at least of well-being and happiness.

"Nina, that was the name Una had given her, came bounding forward to meet her mistress, and receive her caresses, seeing, caring for nothing but her till she had obtained the accustomed notice from the gentle stroking of her hand; then, suddenly remarking a stranger, she flew scared to the other side of the paddock, trying to conceal herself behind a few thorn bushes which had been

included in the ring-fence. We remained still; and, after a few minutes, Una called, Nina! in her clear gentle voice, and instantly the fond creature was at her side, fearlessly licking her hand, and fixing her brilliant eyes on her fair countenance. Mr. Clive seemed penetrated with feeling and admiration. Una then took us to her aviary, and was immediately greeted by a spotless dove, which perched upon her shoulder, and which she took into the house. The smaller birds flocked about her, emulous for the honour of her notice.

"Mr. Clive turned to me, and said, 'You see it is not music alone that hath power to charm the savage breast. This attraction, this magnetism, that some gifted persons possess over other beings, is to me one of the most inexplicable things in the economy of creation. To the same power must be attributed, under divine permission, the extraordinary influence and success that attend some of our missionaries among savage nations. It seems the gift of God to some chosen few of those who devote themselves to that most glorious career.'

"'Do you,' I asked with anxiety, 'intend

devoting your valuable life to so hazardous a calling?'

"'I do; I think it my vocation.'

"'Glorious, indeed!' cried Una, with a fire and animation I had never before seen in her; 'how I wish that in imitation, however humble, of those who were called to be fishers of men, I might think it my vocation to be a tamer of savages, who await but the call of religion to be Christians even as ourselves, or better.'

"'Una!' I exclaimed.

"'Repress no Christian's solemn vocation,' said Mr. Clive, strongly; 'the weakest reed becomes as the oak in the service of God. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings will He raise up works to His praise; and your sister is far, far above these.'

"I felt abashed, I know not why; it was far from me to repress my sister's generous sentiments, but somehow I felt afraid of her enthusiasm.

"We then separated, and I went, unaccountably agitated, to my own apartment. Ianthe soon joined me there, coming like a good child, which she really is, to show me

that she had effectually overcome her momentary disappointment about the ride.

"I made her sit down, and take up some drawing to occupy her mind, and tried to engage her to talk. This did not succeed very well, so I began boldly:—

"'Lord Haddon is coming here to tea this evening with Mr. Clive.'

"'I do not care for Lord Haddon, Chrissy; but I should have liked the ride.'

"'Papa is rather afraid of your riding with Nicholas since that fall.'

"'He never forbade me before.'

"'I think it a very good thing that Nicholas has such a companion; but you must let two young men ride out alone if they like it.'

"'I would not, of course, ask a stranger; but surely I may ask our Niccò to ride with me, and he likes it, I know.'

"'Papa did not like you to ride with a stranger, perhaps even with Nicholas. Was that it?'

"'I only asked Niccò, and papa took it up as if I had asked Lord Haddon, and was quite angry.' Ianthe looked as if she could have cried.

"I felt for her, knowing my father's peremptory way of quashing things, that at other times he pays no sort of attention to; but I suspect he begins to dislike Ianthe's riding with Nicholas as much as with any stranger. Her thoughts do not seem to be with Lord Haddon.

"Mr. Clive's conversations gain on me even more than his sermons; he has explained to me so many difficulties, resolved so many doubts, I mean not of faith, but of understanding. Last night, as we walked up and down the terrace, he discussed the two very different, but often confounded doctrines of chance and necessity.

"I asked him who, in these days, maintained the unphilosophical doctrine of chance in the government of the universe? Modern science rather tends to belief in necessity.

"'Those who cannot master the arguments drawn from science, good only to a certain point, and who will not give their hearts and minds to revelation, must necessarily stand and act as if they and the world about them were the creatures and playthings of chance.'

"'And to what extent do you admit the arguments and proofs of science to be good, or trustworthy?'

"'As far as ever it is or will be permitted to the eye, or the mind of man, to carry them. True faith fears not the result. Do philosophers, in their pride of knowledge, ever attempt to calculate the amount of unfathomable ignorance of the works of God, which will always surround us, whatever fractional encroachments on it we now and then make? Of course, you understand that the fact, that the deductions of science follow of necessity from correctly ascertained data, does not imply that necessity, as a principle, can stand in the place of a first cause.'

"'No, certainly.'

"'Then you see that as the concession of chance as a principle (what a misuse is one obliged to make of terms in going into these wretched systems!) would make the universe a chaos, which it certainly is not—so the principle of necessity, could it be conceived without abatement, would make it an assemblage of dead mathematical figures, moving

uniformly according to mechanical laws—a case equally different from what we see around us.'

"'What we see around us not only implies mind, but goodness: not only consummate wisdom, but supreme benevolence. I believe it, Mr. Clive; but, alas! how many will not confess it. How do you prove it to them?'

"'You see, and I know can appreciate, the beauty and admirable contrivances of nature, from the systems of the stars to the smallest organic function of animal and vegetable life; you see and understand how perfectly every part is adapted to its end—how cleverly deficiencies are provided for, and combinations of what seem incongruous materials are brought to bear upon their ultimate purpose. All this is wisdom: it cannot be chance: it may be assumed to be necessity. Now, mark how that assumption is disproved.

"'This perfection of organization and machinery is so arbitrary and irregular, so devoid of that symmetrical completeness which would be desired in an artificial work, that it is not to be thought of as the produc-

tion of a system of mere physical necessity. For in the heavens we have here and there vast blanks without a star, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms the most varied and irregular structure of species and individuals, all perfect and wonderful in themselves, but whose existence is not in the slightest degree necessary to the system of nature. Many species are known to have died out: and many may be easily imagined in perfect conformity with the laws of nature, that never have existed. But can you create a new species, or recall an extinct one? Could you even perform this miracle, would it add one tittle to the argument? God works of free-will and power, limited by no law of necessity.

" ' Let us consider one of the great instruments of nature, the powers of chemistry. You know how these, with electricity, are capable of moulding all matter to their inflexible laws. These might or might not have existed, or might have existed in different modifications. Observe how they act upon matter, how one force counteracts another, how substances, fluids, and gases seem

to undergo a fresh creation by their means. A slight change of the proportions of some of them would poison, stifle, or otherwise kill the whole human race: a superabundance of others might explode the world, destroy the elements of our food, industry, and all the necessaries of life. Yet, why does this not happen, but that the laws of the universe are devised and executed by a beneficent ruler? Why are these and the other powers of nature made slaves of man, and subservient to his welfare, but because they are under the control of a governor who is above chance, unfettered by necessity, and whose free-will is but a good-will towards his creatures?'

"My heart swelled as I listened to his words. I could not answer him, partly because I assented entirely to his discourse, partly because I felt unable to say what I wished, which would have been to pay to Mr. Clive a useless compliment. Our intimacy is now beyond compliment; it is a pure, a heavenly friendship that I feel for that man. How much I have still to learn from him! How much have I not learnt already!

I shall try to impress Una with some of these clear and comprehensive doctrines, as I see that she is following exactly in the tract of my thoughts and studies.

"My grandfather enjoys Mr. Clive's conversations on subjects such as I have just been noting, because his views are so enlarged, and so different from the more contracted vision of minute philosophers. Astronomy, grandpapa says, leads naturally to contemplations, if not to theories, of which the object is, that divine cosmogony which will ever remain the highest and most mysterious speculation of man. Led, therefore, from the work to its author, he wishes with all piety and humility to study, in all their relations to mankind, the other great works of the Creator, and to have the same pervading mind in moral operations as in physical ones. He could not have found a more competent person than Mr. Clive to refer to, who is at this moment bringing all his resources to bear upon the subject of missionary teaching, which he considers to be the task requiring, not only the highest

mental training, but also the largest store of information that man can acquire.

"Una takes pleasure in hearing Mr. Clive talk of missionary labours. Gentle as she is, she is a stranger to fear, and asks him every pertinent question that suggests itself, in a way I dare not do. She asked in her simple way yesterday, 'Was not St. Paul a missionary?'

"Some days have past since I last wrote. Papa is returned to London. Nicholas is gone to join his regiment. I know not why; it is a relief to me that he is gone. He wants more employment, and, while here, had nothing better to do than make reflections, not in a friendly tone, on Mr. Clive. Lord Haddon could not bear this; and, therefore, though in some respects good companions, the two young men separated coldly. I think that Lord Haddon admires Ianthe.

"My head aches to think that I begin to foresee cares in this world, in which, till now, I have not known care. But why should I be exempt? Only, God grant that my cares be not on account of my sisters!

CHAPTER V.

"Down by the spring,
Down by the spring,
All the night long doth the nightingale sing;
All the night long,
All the night long,
Waking or sleeping still echoes her song.

"Unto thy breast,
Unto thy breast,
Take me, beloved one, and soothe me to rest;
For that sweet tone,
For that sweet tone,
Calls like the lover that claimeth his own."

Manuscript Song.

"Lord Haddon's character gains much upon a nearer acquaintance. He is well informed, unassuming, and agreeable; he has profited by Mr. Clive's tuition in one important particular, namely, in the total absence of all selfishness, active or passive. When he was first introduced to us, I took him to be rather too shy in society; but I soon found it was not shyness, but the habit

of never talking for talking sake; or of putting forward his own opinions as long as there was any person of greater age or experience engaged in the conversation, which made him appear backward when he was only modest. He is now so pleasantly at home with us all, that we see daily instances of the cultivated mind which he possesses, united to a most amiable disposition.

"Fond of books, and of historical as well as scientific research, he devotes time and application to any subject which seems to deserve it; he is so attached to his friend, that Mr. Clive has told us he often assists him in the laborious part of his studies, by extracting, copying, or taking on himself any other hard work which may help in his present missionary investigations. At the same time, he is a very active young man, always ready to join papa or Nicholas in the ride, or in any other exercise of his age. He has travelled in Europe, but not beyond; and would, I am persuaded, accompany Mr. Clive to any part of the world, although he is perfectly convinced, not only that he has not the vocation for permanently embarking

in a career of missionary labour; but also that, with his fortune and social position in England, there are duties peculiarly belonging to that station, which, were he to renounce them, could not be performed in his stead by another.

"Lord Haddon has already laid out considerable sums, under the advice of Mr. Clive, in improving the churches and schools on his estates in the midland counties: he had an idea of founding an hospital for the poor of his own estates, which, though rich in some parts, consist in great measure of extensive moorlands, inhabited by a neglected class of population, but has hitherto met with difficulties in the way of it. He has assiduously studied the statistics of the rural parishes, with a view to bring forward some parliamentary enactment in aid of the present poor-law, which he is in hopes of carrying. As a part of the inquiries necessary for his purpose, he has been carefully looking into the size, management, and cultivation of the farms in this district, and has suggested already some useful alterations to papa, who

now regulates every thing relating to the estate for Mr. Lovel.

"Ianthe seems seriously to have attracted Lord Haddon's regard. Both she and Una are so young, that I cannot think of their marrying for a long time to come. But Mrs. Murray says, I must have my eyes open, as nobody can tell what may happen; and it will be my duty, if necessary, to speak unreservedly with papa about my sisters' future settling in life. However, nothing has yet occurred to make me revolve such a momentous question in my thoughts. It is a question that has never even occurred to myself, or for myself. Aunt Fanny's occasional allusions to the willingness of German princes to ally themselves with the English of a certain class, are all pointed at me, I know; but one cannot consider that as serious, as papa has once spoken out to her about it; yet she will not leave off.

"It might be expected that any friend of Mr. Clive's, and still more any one who had been his pupil, would partake to the utmost extent in the religious views and predilec-

tions of his master. But Lord Haddon was too independent by nature to be led implicitly to follow in the steps of any master. He admired Mr. Clive, but he thought he felt differently from him on many points. Lord Haddon was one of that number of both houses of parliament who had endeavoured to procure a renewal of friendly relations between England and the Roman See. Nay, he would willingly have gone farther, and would have promoted, had the smallest available opening presented itself, a reconciliation of the two churches; maintaining that what had appeared feasible to the eminent divines of the seventeenth century, when the two churches were in more open hostility to each other than they have been since, could not but be still more easy of accomplishment in the present day, when the political obstacles have been removed, and the acrimony of religious disputes so much softened by the milder spirit of this more placable age. Impressed with these notions, he was strenuous in keeping up the character and dignity of our church, and did not escape the low and malevolent censures of the Cal-

vinistic party, who accused him of formalism and intolerance.

"Mr. Clive, though he does justice to Lord Haddon's sentiments, and allows that his convictions might be useful in strengthening and giving form and substance to individual piety, or to the otherwise lukewarm zeal of small congregations, turns with something more than distaste from all superabundant formalities, from whatever quarter they arise, or to whatever quarter they point. He throws aside, without compromise, all badges and countersigns, and with them the minutiæ of theory and practice, which he considers them to represent. Priding himself, I must say, upon his own special interpretation of the intentions of our church, which he would be the last to desert or to detract from, he thinks it possible to make that church, under enlightened missionary guidance, synonymous and co-extensive with the church of Christ upon earth. Glorious views! however they fall short of their end, they must exalt the mind which conceives them!

"I find that Lord Haddon is very fond of

sailing, and has a yacht of his own. My father, who likes his society, and who talks sometimes of going into Cornwall, has proposed to him to visit us there, and to bring his yacht round to Tintagel Castle. He would like to renew some of his recollections of those pleasant voyages in the Mediterranean; and, as the sea is one of the tastes they have in common, I hope the project may be put in execution. I do not well remember the sea, or our yacht, but only that being on shore was new to me; so I should like very much to know a little of what that life is. And my sisters, I am sure, would be delighted with it.

"Grandpapa's health, I fear, is not so strong as it was; he is kind and good as ever, and likes to hear us talk, but is very silent and meditative himself. I see, too, that Mr. Clive appears to pay him more especial, I may say almost affectionate, attention. He really seems to belong to us in some degree.

"How wonderful, and at the same time how touching, is the gradual decline of age! Grandpapa has all his mental faculties, and

is pleased to be consulted by Mr. Clive, or any of us, on any subject, great or small. He gives his advice most clearly and sensibly, and comprehends quickly the arguments that are addressed to him; but it strikes us all that he changes slowly, and with a certain difficulty, from one subject to another—he requires each topic to be set clearly and singly before him, and then he masters it as completely as ever he did. He says himself, that the long deprivation of eyesight to a person accustomed, and indeed educated, to depend on books and writing for every day's employment, whether of business or pleasure, has a tendency to contract the circle of thoughts, and would end by narrowing the whole faculties of the mind, were not a constant effort made against it. That effort he has been long in the habit of making, by varied conversation and inquiry of all persons about him respecting every thing that does, or ever did interest him. But memory fails, health fails, weariness of body and spirit induce contemplation rather than conversation; and he himself begins sadly to feel, not age alone, which he never feared,

but those effects of age which make him dread that trial which he has loudly prayed God to spare him—the living to be a care and a trouble to his family and dependents. He never had that cowardly unwillingness to speak of death, that haunts some whose intellect ought to be far above such superstition; now he adverts to it more solemnly and often to us children when we are alone with him. And when he does begin upon the subject, he will not suffer interruption.

"'I do not dread to leave you, dear children,' he would say, 'good and happy as you are; but I do dread living to be useless to you. Your dear mother is gone before me; why should I tarry longer to lament her loss upon earth, when I foresee I shall shortly be too feeble to counsel or assist you, her descendants, her representatives, as you are to me?'

"On one of these occasions, after he had spoken with unusual warmth and affection of manner, we all three spontaneously knelt down and hid our faces in his hands. Feeling us, he solemnly invoked God's blessing upon us all, in terms of such simple Christian

piety, that I will not attempt to write them lest I mar their beauty. Recommending to us that fear of God, which is not terror, which by keeping us in due awe of his laws, 'while as you are, will free you from despair when you shall be as I am'—those were his words—he laid his hands on our heads, while we sobbed through our tears an audible 'Amen.'

"'God be praised, my hearing is preserved to me, my beloved girls; and that I can hear your youthful voices sweetly respond to my aged, but I trust, not infirm, prayers. Amen.'

"I was anxious, after observing this increasing tendency to seriousness, that it might prove the gentle foreboding of a deep calamity to us. But now my grandfather seems well as usual; his medical attendant, though he comes oftener, assures us that there is no corporeal, and certainly no mental, malady; and I suppose we must take age as age, and only redouble our care, and, were it possible, our affection.

"My birthday will be here before very long, and I trust grandpapa will be well enough

to enjoy that in a quiet way, as usual. I have begged papa not to hurry my going to London, to be presented and go out in the world—I have an unaccountable dislike to the prospect of a London life. It seems to me as if happiness had been granted me by Providence in my country life, and that London was a snare to tempt me to throw away the substance for the shadow. It may suit adventurous, scheming girls, and many of course must live there; but why should we of the country throw away our advantages? It is arranged that I do not go to court till I am of age, which Mrs. Murray says is the wisest plan for heiresses, whose fortune makes them an attraction; and, since I must have it, I will follow her advice and act prudently, and keep myself out of harm's way, particularly as I like living at Cheyne better than in town.

"Many days have elapsed since I wrote last. What trials and what pangs have I not gone through! Praise be to him who gave me courage at the moment when I most wanted it, and who directed that courage as was most fitting for my welfare!

"Nicholas returned a week ago, rather unexpectedly, though he had told me with an air of significance which I did not at the time understand, that he should soon get leave to return. I remember to have said, as I gave him my hand on parting with him, 'I hope you may obtain it.' On the strength of this, and founding great hopes, as he now says, on my encouragement, he procured a renewal of leave, and after a few days spent with his regiment, returned in haste to Cheyne.

"I received him as usual, and as I always wish to do, in the friendly manner of our childhood—yes, more than friendly; for, having no brothers, we have all of us considered him as standing in the place of one.

"Why do I write all this, and still more, what I am coming to? It is that I need some record of the fact, in order to assure myself hereafter that it is true.

"After for two days seeking my exclusive society, he pressed himself on my company alone when walking on the terrace, and implored that I would no longer treat him as unworthy of me.

"'Unworthy of me, Nicholas, what can you mean?' said I; 'your words have not common sense. How have I ever shown that I think you unworthy of us, with the many good qualities we know you possess?'

"'I want not *we*, and *us*, but *you*, dear Christabelle. I did not mean to reproach you; for your last adieus, and welcome to me on returning, were so completely yourself, that they have restored a confidence which your previous coldness had deprived me of. Be ever so, Christabelle, and let not pride begin to make inroads on your heart, and destroy that early affection which I flattered myself I possessed.'

"'Nicholas,' replied I, trembling in every nerve, 'hear me. Hear, once for all, the answer which it behoves me to give, and which, however painful, I must give, to dissipate the illusion that you are in. My dearest mother—her name has authority with you I know, and it is honourable to you that so it is—she left her injunction on me, and through me on all my sisters, acquiesced in, as you know, in all our house, and liberally confirmed by the provisions of

her will, that you were to be on the footing of a brother to us—as such we have always felt you to be, and I feel that, in recalling this to your memory, I am fulfilling my mother's last solemn intentions, which bind us all—yes, Nicholas, both you and me—as her children. My father probably will confirm this, were he appealed to. But spare him the appeal, Nicholas; it is useless; take the answer, the irrevocable answer, from me, and be ever the brother of three most attached and affectionate sisters.'

"How I got through this painful task I know not—heaven knows, pride had no share in the effort. Nicholas bit his lip with suppressed passion, and writhed until my pause gave him an opportunity to reply.'

"'Do not be afraid,' he said haughtily, 'that I shall appeal to the duke; I receive his kindness, and acknowledge it, and there it ends. I am not likely to ask more of him. Oh! but had your angel mother lived, whom I remember even better and more freshly than you can, Christabelle, she would not have forbidden my suit. No, you are taken with the fair words and saintly discourses of

a gloomy bigot, as far removed from the heavenly love that glowed in every word and smile of your beloved mother—as her image remains vividly stamped upon my memory—as your pride of to-day is from the simple love of your childhood. I passionately adore you, Christabelle—you drive me from you to you know not where; I leave you to your thoughts, and long will it be ere I trouble you again with my presence.'

"He spoke vehemently, and, with increased violence of manner, rushed towards the house, whence he took horse, and was soon on his road to London.

"I remained motionless for some time after his abrupt departure, and at last, in a state more dead than alive, I regained the house, and repaired to my own apartment, happily unseen by any one. I excused myself from appearing at dinner that day, under the too well-founded plea of a slight indisposition, which did not, however, save me from the well-meant, though inopportune, visits of aunt Fanny and others.

"My appeal to the memory of my mother was, I am sure, the only thing that had

restrained Nicholas from showing his disappointment, or I might almost say resentment, in still more outrageous terms than he had used. He had parried it, however, in a way for which I was not prepared, and the counter appeal to that revered authority, which alone was respected by each of us, quite upset me. I felt not its force, though that was not conclusive, till I found myself alone. I then reproached myself, not for my refusal in the main—there I felt that I was in the right—but for some want of kindness to that poor boy—brother I would still call him—of which I might unconsciously have been guilty.

"Now he was gone, I felt relieved. I had great reason to be thankful that, in his impetuous haste, he had not carried his cause before my good old grandfather, for whom he has always had a great respect, and who has ever been anxious to have justice done to him on all occasions. That would have been a great embarrassment.

"Being now restored to a state of mind in which I feel equal to take up a new line of thought, and to pursue it with advantage, I

am determined seriously to examine myself, and see whether I am so taken with Mr. Clive's good qualities, as Nicholas so boldly, nay, so improperly, asserted. A gloomy bigot, no; Mr. Clive is no bigot—steadfast, enthusiastic if you will, but always willing to listen and to allow for others. Candour seems to me his prevailing attribute. Earnest and persevering himself, he calls on all to follow him, and to become fellow-labourers in the good work; to accompany rather than to follow him, I should say, for he has no ambition to be a leader. But a leader he will be; his genius, his faith, his consummate talent for the great cause he has undertaken, all point him out as the supreme leader of it, and such he must become. I could fancy those holy missionaries, St. Patrick and St. Columba, like him, landing on the desert shores of Ireland or Iona, and bringing the Gospel of Life to a barbarous and benighted people. Cruel is the injury that fables and legends have done to the memory of some of our early saints, to whose labours we owe the germs of our British Christianity, and who ought to be revered as some of the

greatest of men, while they pass among the vulgar as little removed from fictitious personages, or downright impostors. Yet here we are, having enjoyed, during centuries, the religion which they and their followers planted among our forefathers, and not a word of gratitude is heard among us. Mr. Clive says he is quite prepared for the same fate—the same neglect. Good, great man! Go on; God will bless thy labours, and may a more grateful people follow thee!

"How is it possible not to love and honour such a character! Yes, I must confess it to myself, my own heart is not made to deceive me. I do love him! yet I am content to keep my secret in silence. What his feelings are towards me, I do but conjecture. They are not indifference, I think. Perhaps that is all I ought to expect just yet, from a man of his high pursuits and employments. Yet he will marry before he undertakes his mission: he said as much one day. I know not what conclusion to draw. I must not be hasty, but repress my feelings.

"I lay awake all last night, thinking of the occurrences of the day. How lately, in

reviewing my situation in life, did I think that unmixed happiness was my lot, and that I should only have to practise the easy and pleasant virtues of care for my sisters, charity to the poor, liberality to the church and to useful institutions, love and kindness to all my family, and—Nicholas; and now what a revulsion! It is Nicholas himself who is the cause of a change of feeling towards him, and in some degree towards others; but for him I should still think of Mr. Clive as a common —no—a superior acquaintance—no—friend, no more. But it is no longer so, and I must look my destiny steadfastly in the face.

"One thing I have learnt, that in the midst of prosperity, not luxurious magnificent prosperity, but of comfort and all one ought to wish for in this life, the cares of the mind and of the feelings will intrude and make havoc as freely as in the cottage of the humblest peasant: perhaps more so, from our over refinement and sensitiveness. What an ignorant child I have been, to think otherwise until now! Life is a state of trial—there is no secure or easy way through it that man in any station can rely upon.

"Sleep is impossible—the morning now dawns early, and I will write what came into my feverish brain as I surveyed the still, but to me speaking, landscape from my window last night, in my restless pacing up and down. Nicholas's appeal to my mother's memory has cut me to the heart; I feel as if I must have done him some wrong, though I see not how I could have acted otherwise."

How beautiful is holy night!
More beautiful it seems to me
Thus falling on mine ancient home,
More beautiful on land than sea.

I watch those peaceful moonbeams shine
O'er grassy glade and garden-plot;
They quiver 'midst the lofty trees,
Marking its dear familiar spot.

I see their radiance gliding through
The dark recesses of yon wood,
Then dimpling over lawn and lea,
Those fairy rings where we have stood:

The stars are looking on the lake,
Steadfast as they were wont of yore;
Unchanged in their eternal youth,
But those who loved them are no more:

The nightingale still pours her plaint,
To-night it hath more thrilling power—
Holds she communion with the dead
In this sad, solitary hour?

Else why so sweetly to my heart
Steals that pure strain, while yew-trees wave,
And moonbeams glitter on the path
That leadeth to my mother's grave?

CHAPTER VI.

Gli occhi mici, vaghi delle cose belle,
E l'alma insieme della sua salute,
Non hanno altra virtute
Che ascenda al ciel, che rimirare in elle.
Dalle più alte stelle
Discende uno splendore
Che 'l desir tira a quelle,
E quel si chiama Amore.

M. Angelo Buonarroti.

"I have not written any thing the last few days. My spirits were greatly shaken by that scene with Nicholas. Everybody in the house remarked the difference in my looks the next day, but I could not bring myself to make a confidant of any one. Had my father been at Cheyne, it might have been my duty to report such an occurrence to him; fortunately, I was spared the suffering it would have caused me by his absence. He will perhaps come down for my birthday, which will soon be here.

"Even the soft, heavenly satisfaction I feel in confessing to myself the feelings which I now have towards that noblest of good and talented

men, Bernard Clive, is not quite sufficient to bear me up against the real sorrow I feel at having inflicted pain upon Nicholas. Unhappy that I am, to have drawn his attention to me! May it prove eventually to have been but a transient, boyish fancy: but it is over as far as I am concerned, and I will try to think no more of it. Nicholas fortunately will not be here for my birthday, as he cannot get a fresh leave; this will spare me a world of woes.

"My sisters have imagined and prepared a pretty little fancy in honour of my birthday, in which, however, I am to take a part. I am to be the Rose Queen, escorted by them as my two attendant sylphs, and we are to be dressed in a costume of their choosing, which they think suitable to the fête. There will be several of our friends and neighbours invited; and Countess Fanny, who will be in her element on such an occasion, will save us all trouble on the score of doing the honours. I hope to be gay, and amuse myself a little; but I am not strong enough to dance, and I feel that I shall never again have such birthdays as I used to have. Ianthe and Una are already delighted in expectation; Una first thought of the fête,

and Ianthe of the dresses; both full of love to me, and pleasing their respective tastes at the same time, I feel as if it were my last happy day with them. God only knows what is in store for us, but I never was so melancholy before: and I must say, the superstition of having presentiments of the future, was one I never gave into. I must have done something wrong, but what? O! my mother, that you were here to counsel me!

"It adds to my anxiety that Ianthe regrets the absence of Nicholas so keenly. She does not remark the admiration of Lord Haddon; she is quite blind to what strikes every one else. Una, too, is beginning to be very much noticed. How strange! till a few days ago I never thought of marriage, even for myself; and now, since I have allowed myself to think of future prospects, I see all at once that my sisters will soon be thought of too, and no wonder; for I acknowledge their beauty to be far superior to mine, and their good dispositions and education will make them, with a little experience, all that good husbands can desire. But God only knows what is coming, and what is best, and why I am so very spiritless and melancholy.

"Ianthe and Una came to me to-day, to show me the programme of my fête.

"'It will be perfect,' said Ianthe, before she had explained one word of it.

"'We have made it as nice as we could,' said Una, blushing.

"'I suppose, then, the plan is yours, Una,' said I.

"'Only the allegorical part, and the entrance we are to make all together, going up to kiss grandpapa.'

"'And, Ianthe, what is your part?'

"'Oh! the prettiest part, the dresses, and the dances and music, and the flowers and decorations. Would it not be nice if Nicholas were here?'

"'I think he seems not in a humour to enjoy that sort of thing much now.'

"'Oh yes! I think he would. He would dance with me, I know.'

"'You are very young, Ianthe.'

"'Una says I am too old for her already. Can you believe it?'

"'You are both children; but Una is older than you in some things.'

"'Not so childish, I know you mean. But

Una, with her doves, looks as if she meant always to be five years old.'

"'I am sure I shall never care how old I grow,' said Una.

"'Our birthdays come round to tell us how long we have lived, and also to warn us how short a time we have to live. My sisters,' said I, kissing them, 'I accept your fête, and will cheerfully partake in it; now you must show me the dresses, and explain further particulars.'

"'Your dress is so very pretty! I fancied it myself, and then our two of course followed in the same taste. It will become you so well, Chrissy, I am sure. Of course, you will dance with Lord Haddon.'

"'I do not feel strong enough to dance at all, Ianthe; I hope I may be cheerful and happy enough to look on, without spoiling your amusement.'

"'Then, if you do not dance with him, I suppose I must,' said Ianthe.

"'Is he not a good substitute for Nicholas?' said I, unguardedly.

"'I am surprised, Chrissy, to hear you say so. You told us how much you thought Niccò improved by his fine military air, his German waltzing, and were always so careful that no-

body should undervalue him, you were so kind to him; what can have changed your mind?'

"This warm-hearted speech was like daggers to me; poor Ianthe had, most unconsciously, touched the chord that vibrated most painfully to my heart.

"I had then, evidently in the sight of others, changed my conduct towards Nicholas. I had even, in my innocent sister's eyes, of all living the least likely to judge harshly of me, or to see far into any thing of that sort, been kind and unkind—in a word, capricious to poor Nicholas.

"I was silent, but I suppose a lurking tear must have betrayed my weakness; for Una quickly said, 'Come, Ianthe, you see Chrissy is not strong, we shall make her nervous if we do not go to work—and that will quite upset her for her birthday.' They both took my arms, and we went together into their work-room.

"Upset indeed I was, and had need of some diversion to my thoughts. I was also disappointed to see that Ianthe, regardless of the attentions of Lord Haddon, did not seem to like him sufficiently to appreciate his many good qualities. Young, volatile, and, I regret to say, frivolously inclined, she has not yet ex-

perience enough to judge, and I do not like to begin to make her think on so serious a subject. She is still a child; yet how many girls are sacrificed, or throw themselves away at that tender age—how many, like Ianthe, reject or turn away from what might prove their future happiness in life! It is true, I know none of these things from my own experience: but my dear Mrs. Murray has given me so much wholesome advice for myself and my sisters—to whom she speaks always as children—that I now understand what I read and hear about marriages, establishments, and, worst of all, fortune-hunting. How I hate it all! God be praised, that lets me live at Cheyne, instead of in Grosvenor Square!

"Ianthe's childish fondness for Niccò, as she always calls him still, is too foolish. Papa would allow her to marry Lord Haddon willingly, I think, at some future time, but it is too soon to talk of that yet.

"In the meantime I feel a heavenly rest, a soothing repose of my troubled mind, in allowing myself to think of and admire the character of Bernard Clive. Every day—and we see him nearly every day—he stands forth more distinct from other men. He pays the attention

of a son to Mr. Lovel, who, daily growing still quieter, and more fond of listening than talking, seems never more happy than when Mr. Clive is with him. This morning, I have been with them both in the library; the conversation turned upon that fertile theme—a favourite one of my grandfather's—the insufficiency of the ancient philosophy, even in its most praiseworthy endeavours to found a rational system of religion for the heathen world, to establish a substitute for the gods, whom the wiser part of men could not but despise.

"'From this the transition was natural to the representatives of the ancient philosophers in the present day,' said Mr. Clive, 'who are as far below the standard of our actual religious knowledge as the Socratic school were above that of their own age.'

"'Our materialists,' he continued, 'strangely undervalue the colossal intellect necessary for the production and preservation of the universe, as well as for the creation and endowments of the mind of man, when they would attribute to matter its own formation, and either reduce mind to matter (which they cannot prove,) or slur over that wonderful emanation of the Divinity—for I hold it for nothing less— as a thing not necessary to account for.'

"'What would my state of existence have been for the last ten years,' gently responded grandpapa, 'if God had not given me mind to occupy, and to support me?'

"'You, my dear Sir, are an example of God's blessed works, which I wish I could show to many lukewarm Christians.'

"'Whatever matter be in itself, is not organized matter, or matter acting according to known laws, not of human enaction or modification, essentially an effect of some intellectual cause, wherever it may reside?' said I.

"'I cannot conceive their separate existence,' said Mr. Clive.

"'Then there the material theory breaks down,' said my grandfather. 'Grant it every link in the chain but one, failing to establish that one, it is as a broken reed.'

"All the tendency of mere ethical, or, as it is now called, moral philosophy, is, as it has been well expressed by higher authority than mine, to exalt and puff up the human intellect, until the self-styled wise man becomes to himself his own God. Acknowledging no higher, and, therefore, no universal intellect, he sees mankind first mentally, and then physically, the lord of the creation; but he is too proud to

acknowledge himself, though so powerful on earth, to be but the imperfect image of one greater, far greater, in heaven.'

"'Could his mind invent the solar system, or his power execute it?' said my grandfather, smiling.

"'Could he even, without help, master the lion or the tiger?' said I.

"'No, certainly!' rejoined Mr. Clive; 'and mark the consequence I draw from it. Man is an animal: as such his reason is but accident, to which he has no natural claim, and without which it is far from certain that he could be counted in the highest rank of mere animal life. As he is, however, his reason with the experience of ages, his moral and religious sense, even with the benefit of revelation, joined to just such a portion of physical power and ingenuity as, under the direction of that reason and moral sense, enables him to do good or evil, by the means placed in his hands; all this amounts to no more than that degree of intellect which we are familiar with under the name of human wisdom. Now, then, follow up this train of reasoning; conceive poor human wisdom, at its best, with all the paltry power it has at its disposal, trying to create or contrive even the

smallest tittle of the works of God, and you will feel the immeasurable distance that intervenes between the Almighty mind, and that of even his noblest creation—man!'

"'If no higher intellect than that of man existed somewhere,' said Una, who had been silently listening to their conversation, 'where would the world be?'

"'It is useful to fix these notions, once for all, in one's head; afterwards they become such self-evident truths, that it seems needless to enlarge upon them. But it has never seemed to me,' said my grandfather, 'useless to begin by enforcing even the simplest truths on young minds in the most logical manner possible.'

"Mr. Clive ended the conversation, by observing that he had found the arguments from the wisdom of God as necessary in discussing subjects of this nature, as those drawn from his goodness. For there are objectors, who consider the natural desire of man, to find a superior being invested with infinite benevolence, and all other high moral attributes, to be so strong, and at the same time so amiable, as to overpower our unbiassed reason, in seeking to investigate questions of this sort. But they more readily enter into a calm survey of

those relating to His unlimited wisdom and forethought, as matters of which they think we may be more competent judges; and I will add, that they do well, inasmuch as the proofs to which such objectors ought to submit, are, to minds so constituted, more conclusive than those drawn from considerations of simple virtue and benevolence, however perfect, however vast.

"This was gradually more and more addressed to Una, who sat calm and absorbed in the words of the speaker; I wish I could be sure that I repeat his beautiful language correctly.

"Time flew, and my birthday came. I was tolerably well that day, that morning I mean. For I am writing now with a sad heart and trembling hand, long after the event which, to me, was the turning-point of my life. Yet still, though I might spare myself the pain—and, indeed, I have often begun, often left off, this harrowing page of my existence—I think it my duty to write down my feelings, not as before for my sisters, but for my own future reflection, conduct, and amendment.

"The most stormy evenings are often ushered in by the most lovely and brilliant morning,

and my unhappy nineteenth birthday was no exception to the rule. Early in the morning, my two dear sisters came to awake and welcome me to the entrance, and, as we thought, to the enjoyment of another year. They brought me my dress of pale green silk, trimmed and looped with the most delicate maiden's-blush roses, of which they had also prepared a garland for my hair, all of their own weaving.

"Ianthe's dress was of pure white, decorated in a similar taste to mine, but with deep-red Indian roses, which became her dark and brilliant complexion.

"Una's dress was the same, except that the roses which ornamented it were of the snow-white mossy sort, whose fragrance equalled their beauty.

"The two girls wore each of them a chaplet on her head, of their respective colours, and we had each a nosegay in our hands of the same kinds, but that in mine were blended roses of all the three colours, to signify, in their innocent allegory, that we were all united in me. God knows, that night did not pass away before my heart had need of this persuasion, or rather this absolute conviction!

"The morning passed in a quiet manner. I received sincere congratulations from all the family, the household, and even the villagers. I made a point of carrying some little present to three or four old and infirm persons who could not come to me; I went to the schools as usual, and made the scholars happy by dismissing them after a simple muster; and finally, when grandpapa was up, and established in his arm-chair, I went to ask his blessing.

"Some neighbouring families in which there were girls of my own age, were invited for dinner, and more came to dance in the evening: the dinner, as was usual with us in summer, being at four o'clock. After taking coffee on the lawn, and sitting some time among the fragrant shrubs, we separated to prepare for our little pageant and the subsequent ball.

"Mayer and Mademoiselle Hoffmann, who were now become inseparable, were in our secret, and helped the arrangements. Mayer had painted, unknown to anybody, a very pretty picture, as I have no hesitation in calling it, though I was myself its chief subject—representing me with my two sisters—myself as Faith, Ianthe as Hope, Una as Charity; this he

presented to me as his birthday gift, and obtained permission to place it at the head of the principal saloon in the evening.

"At the appointed hour I appeared in the music-room, accompanied by my sisters, all of us attired in the costume they had selected; to which I had added a beautiful pearl necklace which my father had brought me that morning from London. We entered, linked in each other's arms, Ianthe and Una more lovely than ever; I, never their equal, must have been a sad contrast, I felt so nervous and agitated. They led me up to my dear grandfather, whom I kissed with a feeling that I cannot describe; a sense of love and reverence mingled with the fear that I was paying him the homage of affection, probably for the last time on earth.

"My aunt looked all approbation on us, and actually said she wished she could present us just as we were, at the Granducal Court she was always talking about. Following us into the saloon, she saw Mayer's painting, which she instantly pronounced a capital specimen of German art, poetical in its idea, faithful in its resemblance, and effective in its execution. Aulic Counsellor Phizzledick himself (who it turns out is a connoisseur friend of hers), would

have been satisfied with it. Mayer and his bride elect, as Mademoiselle Hoffmann now began to be called, were both more sensible to this compliment than we were. My aunt thinks that taste began in Germany, and is likely to end there, as she sees so little to approve of in art in any other country. We were, in short, all satisfied. I thought the picture might, perhaps, have been a more appropriate gift to my father, but I could not, on that day especially, decline the worthy artist's present.

"The dancing began. Fearful of the fatigue, I declined to join in it, my chosen companion being a clergyman, and a dancing clergyman being, in my opinion, entirely out of his proper sphere. So at least thought Bernard Clive: he was my elect; by him I sat contented and happy. I wished no other partner.

"We watched the dancers, and of course my sisters more than the others. He seemed to follow them with an interest that surprised me in him.

"'Haddon is not usually so unsuccessful in drawing conversation from a young lady, as he seems to be with Lady Ianthe. I hope, as they know each other better, their converse may

grow rather more animated: they are both too good to remain long strangers to each other's qualities. How singular it is that two similar natures should not show more sympathy!'

"'But I do not call Lord Haddon's nature and my sister's at all similar.'

"'Not in trifles; but I hope they are in essentials.'

"'I hope so, too; yet you must own that trifles in a ball-room have, by right, a precedence before essentials.'

"'That is too true,' said Mr. Clive. I looked at Ianthe as he spoke with a heavy heart. Mr. Clive knew less of her than of any of us; yet I felt he was judging her too favourably, though not without an insight into her character as it then stood.

"'But here comes Una, beautiful as an angel,' said Mrs. Murray, who was sitting near us, and watching all of us alternately, with that motherly anxiety which had never forsaken her.

> "An angel newly drest,
> Save wings for heaven,"

earnestly repeated Mr. Clive.

"'What a pretty quotation,' said Mrs. Murray; 'but what an awful compliment!'

"'Una is all that, I really believe,' returned Mr. Clive; 'God in his mercy grant that she keep her place among them.'

"'That will depend much on the question into whose hands she falls,' said Mrs. Murray.

"'I must be wofully mistaken in character if she be not equal to the most arduous tasks in the cause of virtue. Such principle, such steadiness, such good sense in the prosecution of all good works, I never before saw in one so young as Una is. Fair, gifted Una!'

"Delighted as I was to hear the praises of Una from such a man, I was slightly struck at the same time with the comparative familiarity with which Mr. Clive spoke of her after his different tone with regard to Ianthe. I thought no more of it then.

"I was agreeably surprised to find Mr. Clive reconciled to remaining so long in a ball-room; and, as we talked on various subjects, none of them indifferent or uninteresting when treated by such a master-mind, I confessed to myself I had never passed a more delightful evening.

"The ball-room was very warm, and the evening being calm and still, the moon shining with unusual lustre, many of the guests strolled

out into the garden, into which the windows of the ground-floor directly opened. I did the same, followed by Mr. Clive; but we went further than the rest, and at last found ourselves alone on the long grass-terrace leading to the observatory. I had been accustomed from a child, and leading a country life, to walk almost at all hours, and having snatched a shawl from the ante-room, I feared not the damp.

"'What a beautiful night!' said he, 'can any one look at that moon and not believe that it was made expressly for man's use? A rugged volcanic mass, apparently without inhabitants, water, or atmosphere, fitted only to reflect light, and that so contrived as to assist us just when the sun is absent!'

"'And the stars, too,' said I.

"'They are for other worlds, with which we are not, in this stage of our existence, concerned. From some passages in Job, and the prophets, and even in the psalms, the vast grandeur of the works of God are so dilated on as to make it almost seem as if we were, with all our world about us, almost too insignificant for his notice. Yet, then comes in that wonderful combination of means to an end, all pointed to our good,

and then our desponding thoughts stand at once corrected and revived.'

"'Yet the power of evil is great.'

"'It is awfully great—so great and so far powerful, even as an unsuccessful enemy to good, as to make one tremble at the evident reality of a Power of Darkness. Yet always unsuccessful in the main, it is overcome by the force of God, the Creator and Preserver of mankind. I know of no natural combination to produce evil—thousands to produce good—to mankind.'

"'Does this hold in the moral scheme, also?'

"'The comparison is not quite a fair one, because so many different circumstances, passions, temptations, &c., have to be taken into account, that it requires a longer analysis than we have time for to come to a satisfactory conclusion. See,' added Clive playfully, 'how far this bright moonlight has led us: in fact to the observatory, in which your truly venerable grandfather first initiated you into the mysteries of that satellite, whilst in idea we have been carried, how infinitely further, to one of the most momentous questions which affect the condition of man, the nature and the power of good and evil!'

"We paused before the observatory. The white temple, strongly illuminated by the moon's beams, stood out, finely relieved from the mass of dark evergreens by which it was backed.

"'Good Mr. Lovel,' said Bernard, affectionately, 'how I respect and honour him!'

"'You must know,' I added, 'how much your society has consoled and gratified him. His evenings were long and cheerless till you came here. With all our mutual affection, we were still too childish as companions to him.'

"'That is under-rating your own and your sisters' power of pleasing,' said he.

"'Grandpapa knew our love for him, and was satisfied. But you see he is evidently declining in strength, and his still clear understanding yearns for every word you can speak, relating to the future which is before him.'

"'A future, I trust, of that joy which is promised to the faithful. You have been accustomed, perhaps, to hear these as commonplace expressions, and to attach only a figurative meaning to them; but I interpret the promise as implying a state of active, sentient being, cleansed from all earthly dross, susceptible of all our holy feelings and pleasures,

exempt from all our cares. No one can say positively that such a state is impossible—impossible to God!—though it involve much that appears paradoxical to our finite comprehension. As we are here constituted, it seems impossible to enjoy the virtuous pleasures arising either from our own approving conscience, or from our innocent family affections, or from many other pure and praiseworthy sources, without at the same time swallowing the bitter drops that will sometimes intermingle with sweetest drops of the cup of life. But God's ways are not our ways. With Him we may have all the pleasure, and yet be spared all the pain. And as to the difficulty some objectors oppose to the physical existence of man in a future state, the totally different aspect of nature and her productions, which I know I am to see in the hemisphere whither I propose to go, and shortly commence my labours, is a proof that a new face of creation is the least of all miracles that may be expected of the Almighty. I burn with impatience to see that promised land.'

"'Are you then going so soon—determined to go?' I anxiously inquired.

"'I am,' he replied with decision. 'I must,

however, first offer up my warmest prayers to God for your own happiness, my most fervent aspirations for your continuance in the good and useful path marked out for you in life.'

"After hesitating a little, he, then dearer to me than any thing in this world, seated himself beside me on the projecting steps of the Temple, telling me he had something to say to me, something of grave import to himself, with reference to the solemn missionary task he had undertaken.

"He then told me—I cannot repeat his words any longer—the sense alone and not the words seemed to vibrate to my heart: he told me that his serious vocation to preach the gospel to the heathen, had the effect upon his mind that he conceived a voice from heaven alone could give: that he had chosen New Zealand as his field of action: that he felt himself equal to the task, as far as preaching, study, education, manual labour, and endurance of hardships might be required of him; but—he faltered—and I can even now scarce bring myself to pen the lines.

"One thing—one alone—deterred him. Companionship was a necessity in those wilds. Woman's virtues and natural endowments are

essential in the important point of giving a good domestic example to a rising colony; her devotion, her mild and winning qualifications, do but encourage conversions, by showing Christianity in its fairest light, and proving to tribes incapable of being acted on by argument, that the hard sayings of the gospel are not incompatible with softest attributes of human nature. He asked my advice; could he, dared he, expect the woman of his affections to give up all worldly position, home, and country, for such a task—not for him individually, for himself he would not demand such a sacrifice; but could he expect her to follow, with him, the footsteps of a higher, dearer love in Christ?

"He was deeply agitated; a fixed enthusiasm seemed to animate his countenance, as he looked from time to time upon that calm, that brilliant moon, or, gazing up into the starry vault, he seemed anxious to draw down an answer from heaven itself.

"I was not less agitated than Bernard. Thrilled with emotion, I remember that twice I essayed to speak, and failed. Meantime, I mentally thanked God—Oh! how bitter is the recollection!—I clasped my hands in gratitude to heaven for fulfilling my happy dream; and,

gaining courage, I turned my eyes, gushing with tears, upon my beloved Bernard. I threw myself into his arms.

"'To be thy wife, my Bernard, and to follow thy footsteps in the path of God, even through the ends of the world, is all I ask of life!'

"Those, I know, were my words. I cannot forget the utterings of my heart in such a moment as that. 'Like Ruth, will I follow thee: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God.' I ceased, but well do I now recall those fatal words.

"Fearful—ah, fearful was my waking from this dream of heaven! My delusion was broken in an instant! I saw Bernard's most expressive countenance change in a moment: he spoke not—at least, I heard him not: gently he withdrew himself from my clasping arms, and placed me on the steps beside him. I was stunned, bewildered; he wept long and bitterly. . . . .

"I am alone now, and write with a stern determination to tell all.

"At length, after I know not what time or words had passed, Bernard roused himself from the powerful emotion that had overcome him, and, half inarticulate from agitation, he, usually

so composed, so eloquent, spoke long and affectionately to me. He explained what he thought. I had seen—and what I ought to have seen, but for the blindness of my love—that Una was the darling object of his heart. He had suspected nothing of my love; he had long been in the habit of consulting me as a valued friend; and now it was my sisterly intercession with Una that he had sought, if I thought his passion reasonable, and that she would consent to follow with him the path marked out by Heaven —to leave all, and follow Christ.

"'Oh God!' cried Bernard, 'what have I done?' He said more, but I heard not his inarticulate words. My brain was on fire, and, totally overcome by the strong conflicting emotions that struggled within my breast, I fainted in his arms.

"On recovering myself, which I believe was not until after a considerable time, I found myself laid by his care upon the steps of the temple, while he was bathing my forehead with cold water from the spring, and leaning over me with a countenance which, even in that moonlight, betrayed the deepest anxiety.

"I raised myself with some difficulty, and mechanically took his proffered arm, and we

walked slowly towards the house. Oh! how sad the contrast of my now agitated feelings to the peaceful calm with which I had, at so short a time previously, traversed the same ground with him I loved!

"He tried to speak; I could not. Every step we advanced recalled a feeling of the joy I had felt in passing the same spot; the sight, though yet distant, of the lighted ball-room, was agony to me; I knew I should in a few paces more hear the sounds of joyous revelry—for what? for my birthday, my happiness, for the expression of the most tender love that ever accompanied a hitherto happy girl in the midst of a good, kind, affectionate family, which had been ever the balm of her heart through infancy, childhood, to the threshold of womanhood, where their congratulations were in the act of welcoming me! I dreaded the sound; my nervous expectation quickened the sensation of hearing, and I am now persuaded that I heard the tones of the music at a distance at which my ears at other times would have been utterly insensible to the impression.

"But we moved in silence. My moral strength was slowly returning, though my whole frame shook from time to time fearfully.

Bernard was evidently alarmed: and I, though I felt returning fortitude, could not utter a word. My lips were as sealed; yet I wished to speak. My heart was full. I had in truth much to say, for my own determination was already taken, or rather it was the necessary consequence of the fatal avowal I had heard from his lips.

"At last, I heard the painful sound of the harp; the music was discord to me. I convulsively shuddered and stopped my ears, while he kindly hurried me to a side-door of the house, which led us in by a private passage, so as to escape all chance of meeting with the company. Oh, the torture that joy is to the heart that is not joyful! My dear, unsuspecting sisters! I thought of them, of my grandfather, all in an instant. At last, just before entering the passage, I forced myself to say, 'Bernard, it is over, you are Una's—her youth must perforce make you wait, and during that time I trust—her heart, as I believe, being already yours—she will have time to reflect on, and prepare for, the awful responsibility she is taking upon herself. My part, as a sister, remains for me to perform. Be assured that I feel equal to my duty. My counsel, my assistance, my love

shall be Una's, and every effort will I make to prepare her for the lot that must be hers. I am unable to say more.'

"He pressed my hand, and looked at me with a feeling of gratitude not to be mistaken. We were now entering the house, and he was seeking to place me quietly in the care of my attendant, when fortunately Mrs. Murray, who was retiring earlier than the rest to bed, crossed our path. Mr. Clive told her in a few words that I was not well, which my looks too faithfully confirmed, and, leaving me with that dear and hitherto trusted friend, he quitted me with slow and mournful step, taking the path to the parsonage.

"But that friend, was she to be trusted no longer? Did I ever before that moment feel a reluctance to confide in the motherly guardian of my youth?

"I now felt the full weight of my burden. I would not conceal any thing that had passed from Mrs. Murray, from want of confidence; such an idea never presented itself to my thoughts; but confidence on that subject was too painful to be contemplated; I could not speak on it. I was at the moment so exhausted that I could hardly speak at all, and I barely

articulated that I wished to go to bed, and to see nobody. Mrs. Murray saw at once that I was in too nervous a state even to wish to see my sisters, and she considerately placed me in the hands of my maid—but desired to sit by me till I should go to sleep. This I begged her not to do, but desired to be placed on the sofa, wrapped in my dressing-gown, which was so often my habit when indisposed to sleep in bed, that it created no surprise; but another idea was in my thoughts.

"When I was alone, I rose, and, casting my eyes accidentally on the roses with which my sisters had decked me that evening as their rose-queen, and the dear emblem of their love, the *bouquet* of three coloured roses, the type of our triple affection, the tension of my spirits gave way, and I burst into a paroxysm of tears. I threw myself on my knees, and prayed God to bless them and to help me. I knew no blessing to pray for on my own behalf. I now wanted nothing, wished for nothing. I felt wakened to the narrow escape I had had from the worst of jealousies—jealousy of a sister; and I thanked God that my eyes had been opened in time. Now I thought with admiration upon the profound good sense, as well as

kindness, of dear Mrs. Murray's early and repeated advice to me—never to let a line of separation grow up between me and them. How truly she reminded me that, though as great and little girls we stood apart, we should all be women together! Now that time was come—too early come; but the question of marriage once broached, even for Una, we were no longer children.

"My lamp suddenly expiring, I found that dawn had already commenced. It was June, and lovely morning began to intrude its now unwelcome beams upon my sorrows. I had become deaf to the sound of the music, but I had heard my sisters pass my door on tiptoe, to avoid waking me; vain care! Their light, joyous steps were not to be mistaken, as they went to their happy little rooms on each side of my apartment—which had been their abode almost from infancy, the place of their peaceful slumbers, of their daily occupations. Now, how long would they continue to be the tenants of these loved apartments?

"Such musings occupied my mind, sore with the wounds of recent events; while, as the daylight slowly increased, it struck me that all was still, and that my sisters were probably enjoying

the sleep of youth after their dance. I wrapped my gown round me, and, though it cost me a pang that went to my heart, I repaired to the chamber of Una.

"With firm but noiseless step, I approached the little white bed where reposed my sweet, angelic sister. Never did I see such calm, pure, youthful beauty as was hers, stretched unconscious of her sister's presence or her sister's woes; she slept the sleep of innocence and peace: near her lay her little Bible, which was never far from her, and on it, as an offering, lay the simple garland of white roses, fair emblem of herself, which she had worn during the day, even as the most harmless pleasures of life must unhesitatingly be cast aside when approaching night bids us prepare for God.

"Dear, spotless Una! can I wonder that thou hast charmed the heart of that strong, that zealous man! who sees in thee the angel, that is, perhaps, in future days of toil and distress, destined to cheer his vexed spirit, and to keep in his mind the beauteous image of Heaven, to which thy soul already seems to fly? My tears fell fast as I leant over her ivory brow, beneath which her blue eyes were still visible through the long eyelashes that were but half-closed

over them, while her fair tresses, escaped from their bandage, fell negligently over her shoulders.

"I knelt, and prayed softly that strength might be granted to her and to me in our respective trials; and one was not absent from my prayers who was at that moment dearest to both of us.

"The bitter draught is over. I have conquered by the help of God. Evil thoughts, anger, jealousy, and distrust have passed away. Grace has been granted to me, but watchfulness and sacrifice will still be required—life-long sacrifice. Self must be conquered, the moral enemy is always at hand to suggest the thought, if it go no further, of rebellion against the will of God: through prayer alone have I conquered.

"Having thus cast my burden upon Him who helps the weary and the heavy laden, I gazed once more with intense feeling upon my sister. I imprinted a gentle kiss upon her sleeping brow, breathing a prayer for blessings on her through life. I stole back softly to my room, and there, for the first time after a night of struggle and prayer, did I find myself capable of pouring forth a hearty thanksgiving

to God upon my bended knees for the deliverance he had granted me. There, near my dearest mother's picture, on which I now first dared to look without fear, I prayed that this, my first agonizing trial, might turn but to the knowledge and love of God.

CHAPTER VII.

"Bridesmaid.—Take this flower from me
(A white rose, fitting for a wedding gift),
And lay it on your pillow. Pray to live
So fair and innocently; pray to die,
Leaf after leaf, so softly." Beddoes.

"I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine: she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not."
Comus.

"How difficult it is to write on any subject when the heart is full! still more, when the cares which oppress it arise from the blighting of our own hopes, mingled with the anxiety inspired by the future prospects of those who are nearest and dearest to us.

"My mind has been entirely occupied since the events I have last recorded, by vague, yet

I hope not unprofitable, speculations on the lot that may be in store for our poor Una. Indeed, I cannot but lament the fate she has chosen for herself. During the few days that I have abstained from writing, I have been attentively observing her; not thinking it either just or delicate to inquire directly into feelings which may yet very possibly be, in part at least, a secret unconfessed to herself. I see plainly her exclusive attention to Mr. Clive. I saw it indeed before, though I was blind to the cause. He comes here less often—I believe, through a degree of delicacy towards me—and he speaks little to me, though with a tone of kindness and consideration that goes to my heart. I perceive, however, now, that Una and he must have had a certain unconscious sympathy with each other for some time, from the sort of familiar tone he takes with her. What I used to think was only a brotherly manner, naturally adopted towards a young girl from his living so much in her family, is, I see, an innocent, but mutual understanding with her, that she gives into completely. Her artless manner must have given him certainty long ago, and her simple and unsophisticated heart cannot be in better keeping than his.

"I have spoken to Una. Little did she think what it cost me. I had at last a fair reason for doing so in an observation, made by somebody without malice, that Mr. Clive seemed greatly occupied with my sister. I then said a few words, less bluntly, but to the same effect to Una in private, and I saw at once, by the beautiful blush that mounted to her cheek, the truth of the surmise. I loved her too much to pain her by pursuing the subject farther, as I should have thought it right to do, had I been in any doubt of his sentiments for her. Of these I had myself but too certain knowledge. So I have waited two or three days, meaning, however, to speak more seriously to Una, if I find that he delays to make known his intentions.

"To-day, Una came to my room, where Ianthe and she were always welcome, and found me, happily for the communication she had to make, alone and unoccupied. It was, indeed, to confide to me the all-important secret of her life.

"Beaming with all the radiance of youth and beauty, animated by the consciousness of having inspired a man whose character is above my praise, with a passion which her own heart

told her was reciprocal, she came not only to tell me the fact of Mr. Clive's proposal, and her own acceptance of it, as far as she was yet mistress of herself, but also to entreat me to smooth the difficulties she foresees, and I foresee them in all their force, to obtaining the consent of our father and grandfather.

"'Yes, Chrissy,' she said, 'as long as grandpapa lives, I will marry no one to disoblige him; and, as to papa, his consent is of course imperatively necessary. Both may be refused—both will, I am sure, make difficulties, or rather they will see them where we do not. Even Bernard foresees an opposition, which, on common principles, would be but too well-founded. Now, dear, do try and make them understand how good Bernard is, and how noble-minded in giving up all to preach the word of God to the heathen, and how deeply I feel moved by the spirit within me to join his pious labours. If you did but know how eloquently and how firmly he bears down all objections from worldly motives—if you knew the benevolence and the talent that he brings to bear upon his great, yet arduous cause, you would be yourself convinced.'

"Poor girl! hers was the eloquence of the

heart. Her words were sharp trials to me, who knew but too well how to appreciate the talents and the heart of Mr. Clive. I could not tell her what I felt, or what I knew. I listened, though stifling my agitation, in a constrained and painful silence.

"I had a long conversation with Una afterwards; but I thought it best to let her unburthen her heart to me completely, before I ventured to suggest any advice. In fact, at first I was hardly in a condition to speak connectedly to her myself, so completely and unexpectedly had she roused within me a train of thoughts and recollections, which I had hoped had been checked for ever. This, however, it was my duty to conceal from her, since a knowledge of my position with respect to Mr. Clive would have made her miserable for life.

"Una's enthusiasm was so great, and her clear common sense at the same time so unencumbered by any thing like vanity or egotism, that although she saw plainly the numerous difficulties that stood in the way of her present prospects; her moral courage—I might say, her very inexperience of the world—made her imagine that every difficulty must be overcome in such a case as hers. My services to her cause

were soon gained; it was not so easy to get her to listen to my advice.

"She would have had me open the affair at once to our parents (for so we always called grandpapa and papa together), and seemed shy, for no reason at all, of my first talking it over with Mr. Clive: a task truly most ungrateful to me, and one which I would gladly avoid, but which I would have undertaken, as I see I must do eventually, for the benefit of a dear sister.

"I persuaded her at last, that as she was so young, and as the very preparations Mr. Clive would have to make for his great enterprise, must take up many months; she had better, as well for the repose of her own mind and the requisite consideration it was necessary to give to so serious a matter, as for the successful accomplishment of the matter itself, give herself full time for reflection. I warned her that this marriage, as well the subsequent project, would appear so extraordinary to those who were unprepared for it, that she must think well of all the reasons she had to offer, as she certainly would be called upon to state them, and to persons not quite of her own or Mr. Clive's way of thinking. Not only her early

consent, but Mr. Clive's proposal, so unlike his usual cautious and well-considered ways of action, might not be thought wise by everybody. Finally, did she not owe some few months—the last free ones of her life—to her sisters, her home, her parents, and all the many friends of her youth, whose earnest anxiety for her welfare, and undoubted sorrow at her departing, were among the only certainties I could discover in her present prospects?

"Una listened, but attempted no reply. A silent tear would make its way, and an affectionate embrace finished our sisterly conference. We left the apartment, and walked arm in arm to our own little flower-garden, where we found Ianthe employed in some of her little works, which were usually directed to the ornamental part of the horticultural labours. Una ran up and suddenly embraced her, to Ianthe's unutterable surprise; but, as soon as she saw that Una's countenance betrayed an ill-repressed emotion, she had kindness enough to abstain from questioning her. We all three sat down in our arbour, which was trellised with double climbing roses and jessamine, and remained for a few minutes without speaking.

"At last, willing to break silence, lest any

thing awkward should be said which might hurt Una's feelings, I addressed myself to Ianthe.

"'Do you know, Ianthe, how soon papa talks of coming down here again?'

"'In about a month, I believe. He said he should then have a great deal to do, and stay here for some time.'

"'I am very glad of it,' said I.

"'Una must look better by that time,' said Ianthe; 'papa will not like to see her with such a cold. It is a feverish cold, I am sure, Una; you had better take care of yourself, and not stay out so late in the heavy summer dews, which are more treacherous than winter's cold.'

"'Thank you, Ianthe,' said Una; 'I now every day feel the value more and more of health, and that conviction ought to make me prudent.'

"'Let us all go to the school,' I said; 'it is about the time now.'

"'Mr. Clive, I know, is to be there about some business with the schoolmistress, whom I saw half an hour ago,' said Ianthe; 'we had better go a little later.'

"'I am glad to know that,' I said; much

more so indeed than she could guess. A meeting with Una and Mr. Clive would have been every way awkward just at that moment.

"We decided to go altogether to the library, to take grandpapa a *bouquet* of our most fragrant flowers, as we usually did every day during the summer. I wished to bring Una to his presence after her avowal to me, though of course nothing could be said about it on the present occasion.

"We found Mr. Lovel in his summer-quarters, as he called them, at a table near the window, from which a fresh summer breeze was admitted into the room. Mrs. Murray, his frequent companion, sat by him with a book in her hand; but they appeared to be rather talking than reading.

"As we entered quietly, my grandpapa, with the instinct natural to blind people, said, 'Here come my dear grand-children, all three of them, I am sure. Mrs. Murray and I were in the midst of our conversation about you, and we had just said, that all three were equally beloved, equally our care, not one more than another present to our thoughts, and here you are all present to my sensations. May you always be united as you now are, and never

leave your poor grandfather during the short time he can remain on earth!'

"The offering of our nosegay was the best answer; for we knew, that when he alluded, as he frequently did, to his great age and prospect of leaving us, it was dangerous to say any thing that might increase his emotion.

"Una, I am sure, could have made no answer. Her heart was full. I know she must have felt something like an accusation of ingratitude when she heard his faltering words, and coupled them with her own projects. I was glad, for her sake, to get the interview over—we each spoke to grandpapa upon some of our usual topics, and then withdrew to our own respective occupations.

"To-day's writing has cost me a great deal. I must rest a while.

"Una now spoke to me every day on the subject of her intended union—on the hazardous, yet noble career both she and her intended husband had undertaken, and to which she was willing to devote all the faculties of her body and soul. She commonly ended, as might be expected, with an eulogium on the virtues and abilities of Mr. Clive. I encouraged her in these conversations, because I thought that, if she was

bent on making the sacrifice of this world, of self, to the service of God, it was better she should do so with her eyes open to the difficulties and dangers which must surround her. I resolved not to discourage her, rash as I must think her in having so quickly adopted her resolution. It is true, I was equally ready to leave my home and every thing most dear, to share the lot of Bernard Clive, and that only a few short days before; and what was there in my case that would have been different from that which I now judged so dispassionately in Una? I said to myself that I was nearly four years older, and that I was more prepared for the world than a girl not yet sixteen years of age; but somehow, I did not satisfy myself on the score of my superior wisdom. Una, for her age, was stronger in constitution than myself; her firmness and resolution are equal to mine; her imagination and general quickness perhaps less; all this ought rather to be in her favour;—in short, after turning the whole affair in my own mind, I could only remain convinced that it was to be: that it seemed decreed by Providence, and, as such, I came to the conclusion, that it was wisest to forward it in a kind and sisterly manner, and to trust to the same

Providence for blessing the marriage, as well as the holy plan of life which was to depend upon it.

"Thank Heaven! I have made, and perhaps gained, the first step towards the completion of Una's wishes. She spoke so often, so earnestly, to me about opening the subject to our grandfather, that at last I consented. I feared to do it either awkwardly, so as not to do justice to her character, and to as pure a love as ever warmed the breast of two virtuous and devoted beings; or by entering on so new and unexpected a topic with Mr. Lovel, in a way that might hurt or grieve him, to give pain to that warm and generous mind, who seemed always to stand in place of a mother to us: to Una as well as to me.

"But the thing must be done sooner or later. It would prepare me, too, for what I dreaded still more—an interview with my father for the same purpose: and the necessity which my timidity did but too strongly feel for such preparation, helped to fortify me for this preliminary measure. Nevertheless, I felt I could do nothing effectually without a previous conversation with Mr. Clive. Una agreed with me that this was indispensable; and, as

he had scarcely spoken to me since our memorable walk on the terrace by moonlight, I felt relieved when Una said at once she would ask him to call upon me for that purpose.

"'You must be present, dear Una,' said I. 'I cannot possibly transact what is in fact your business without your participation. Besides, I shall understand you both together so much better than singly. It will be every way more satisfactory to myself.'

"She agreed; and, accordingly, the next morning, while Ianthe had gone on some long expedition with Mdlle. Hoffmann, Una and I met Mr. Clive by appointment in a small room which was usually devoted to business.

"In spite of the formality of this arrangement, our conference did not take up a great length of time. I had difficulty in restraining my tears at witnessing the lover-like tenderness of these two attached persons so soon after my own disappointment; my heart, still wounded, must bleed in secret. Mr. Clive, to whom its feelings must have been apparent, behaved with great delicacy towards me. He declared his attachment to Una to have been of long standing, and that he thought we had sufficient insight into human nature to feel convinced,

that in Una's character he had secured every thing that a pious Christian, and especially a zealous and devoted missionary, could desire. He did not now leave it to Una to ask, but implored me himself to undertake the office of speaking first on the subject both to my father and grandfather.

"'I know it will be difficult, but I know also your affection for your sisters. You would have to open the subject to your parents in the case of any marriage that might be proposed for them; if then you do not, acting in the behalf of Una, disapprove of me as her future husband, you will not I am sure refuse this request. It is becoming you should speak first: believe me, the moment you tell me that I can come forward myself with propriety, and enter into all necessary details with Mr. Lovel or the duke, I will not delay an instant to relieve you from what I know must be an onerous duty.'

"Una looked supplicating towards me. 'You need not doubt me,' I said; 'what is to be done, shall be done, as heartily as I can do it.' And not willing to allow the temporary courage I had assumed to evaporate by any postponement, I rang the bell, and sent to ask whether Mr. Lovel was alone in the library.

"I had considered all these points, relying only on my own judgment, and without consulting Mrs. Murray, because I felt that if any one were responsible for my sisters at this critical period of their lives, I was that person. Mrs. Murray had so often talked over with me almost every possible contingency of marriage for Ianthe and Una (except that of marrying missionaries to the South Seas), that I felt quite imbued with all her general notions on this head. She instilled them into me for the express purpose that, the case occurring, I might, without reference to her, appear as the natural and affectionate counsellor and protectress—mother as well as sister—to these young girls, and so prevent the unwelcome intervention of any one not a relation in the delicate circumstances of their future establishment. How I admired her prudence, and prayed to be enabled to show equal forethought when the time should come for it: the time was now come, and I must prepare to exercise my trust.

"On learning that Mr. Lovel was in the library, I left Mr. Clive, well assured that he would not depart until my return, and repaired without a moment's hesitation to my grandfather.

"'Grandpapa,' said I boldly, and stopped. I had well nigh failed in my errand. His first words, however, helped me out of my embarrassment.

"'Come here, Chrissy,' said he, 'I have something to say to you. It is time that you and your sisters should be told, not exactly for your information, but to put you at ease, should certain circumstances occur, that it was your dear mother's express desire, that on the occasion of any proposal of marriage for any of you—and when grown up, you know, even little Una may be the first sought in matrimony—you should all distinctly understand that in no case should your choice be interfered with, except only in such extreme cases of character as your father only can judge of, and in which your duty must be appealed to as a reason for obedience. Such, I trust, would never occur to my dear grandchildren. Of age, or under age, I am sure they will equally respect the judgment of their father, who has empowered me to tell you that your mother's wishes in this respect shall be strictly attended to. My beloved Cornelia was always looking forward to the future of her children; she, a most dutiful daughter herself, could not imagine a child's

disobedience in such a case, or believe, on the other hand, that a parent could wish to coerce his daughter into a forced acceptance or refusal of a husband. I, alas! can do nothing but counsel you—to watch you has never been in my power. You have no brother—a loss to girls in your position that can hardly be estimated. How many unhappy matches do I remember, into which girls have been drawn through mere ignorance of the world, and which the guidance and foresight of a brother might have preserved them from! But I have said more than enough, there is time enough yet; no hurry for Una, at any rate, for some years to come.'

"'Indeed, grandpapa,' I cried, 'there is not so much time as you suppose; hurry is out of the question, but Una is worthy of the best of husbands, from the qualities of her heart, head, temper, and judgment. She is wonderful for her age.'

"'Yes, yes, for her age; do not fancy I undervalue our dear Una: but, though I tell you all this in confidence, because it is right you should be informed of it at your age, and with your steadiness of character, I did not mean that it would be safe to trust Ianthe and

Una immediately with the secret of their independence. Yet, I repeat it, as soon as an offer shall be made to either of them, they will be allowed, in any but extreme cases, the privilege of choosing for themselves. But, in fact, I thought more of you than of those children in my communication to you.'

"'Thank you, dear grandpapa,' said I, fortunate that he could not perceive the agitation I was in.

"'Now, Chrissy, you will agree that this latitude, this confidence in your judgment, are deserving of one sacrifice in return. Your father, and I, who feel not less interested in your future welfare, expect that this permission shall not be used for the indulgence of a whim, of a sudden and transient passion, to which no youthful heart can with certainty remain always a stranger. It is a dangerous permission that is now granted you, and if you use it unwisely, yourselves will be the greatest sufferers. Your friends will still retain the power of counselling you for your good, and you have not been in the habit of despising their advice.'

"'Grandpapa!' I exclaimed, 'you have almost the spirit of prophecy.'

"'In prophesying that, in the lapse of years, Chrissy, Ianthe, and Una, may possibly be married?' asked he, smiling.

"'No; but in choosing this very day to talk about it, when it is just the very thing I am come to tell you of to-day.'

"'What, Chrissy, what is it—is it about yourself?' said he, really astonished.

"'No, grandpapa, it is even as you guessed before. I fear we shall have soon to part with our dear little Una.'

"'Impossible—she is a mere child, though a most engaging one, I allow. I will not go on questioning you; but you must tell me at length if it be really anything serious. We must think for her, poor girl!—she is too young to think for herself.'

"'Indeed, grandpapa, Una thinks a great deal for herself, I assure you, and I hope it may be wisely. She is wise in things that do not concern herself, but that is no reason, I know.'

"'Well, Chrissy, after all, what is it? Has Lord Haddon, despairing of Ianthe, about whom he talked to me more than once in rapturous terms, turned his regards towards Una?

Ianthe is still young to marry; but Una, you do surprise me—come, who is it?'

"'Mr. Clive, grandpapa.'

"'Mr. Clive!'

"'Yes, grandpapa, it is indeed.'

"'Mr. Clive! you astonish me; I should rather have thought you more suited to him in age and disposition. He has so often expressed to me his admiration of your character, as the intelligent protectress of your two young sisters, whom he never mentions by themselves.'

"Never in my life had I till then felt that my poor grandfather's want of sight could be an advantage to me, however temporary; but this speech so covered me with confusion, that I felt a relief in thinking that he could not observe it.

"'Mr. Clive—Mr. Clive,' I stammered, 'is very good to us all.'

"'But I do not understand all this yet,' said my grandfather, who, having spoken with remarkable clearness upon the part of the subject upon which he was prepared, was now beginning to puzzle himself with a new idea, to which he had not yet had time to fix his mind. He was remarkably well just then, and I had no fear of any confusion being likely to arise

in his understanding of such an important business, if I continued—as was usually my way with him—to speak shortly, and with precision, listening patiently to any length of observations from him in reply. His mind was clear, earnest, and true in its conceptions as ever; but it did not bear well any change or disturbance in the course of ideas—it was a trouble to him to set himself right again after any interruption, which made him appear to many people as if much more declining than he really was, though he had certainly become more feeble in body.

"'It is simply that Mr. Clive has formally proposed to marry Una, as soon as her friends shall allow it, and that she has unconditionally accepted him on those terms.'

"'But Mr. Clive told me he was bent on going as a missionary—has he abandoned his intention through this sudden attachment?'

"'No,—but I wish with all my heart and soul he would give it up.'

"'Then, can Una seriously think of throwing away her life in a career of hardship and privations, for which by youth and education she is totally unfit?'

"'Una will do her duty wherever it shall

please God to call her, grandpapa. Oh, how can you doubt her?'

" 'I see that I must speak to Mr. Clive immediately. Pray, ring the bell.'

" 'He desires nothing more, I can answer for it, and I will tell him so, if you please, for he is in the house. But, grandpapa, will you not speak to poor Una first? She is suffering, and will suffer, till your consent is gained.'

" 'My dear, it is too serious. I cannot wish to hurt Una's feelings; but I must learn the whole facts of the case from Mr. Clive, before I can venture to speak on such a subject with Una. I beg Mr. Clive to come to me. You shall be the messenger.'

" I waited for no further order, and left the room. I pitied Una from my heart, for I knew her suspense was agonizing: but I was willing to suppose Mr. Lovel judged rightly, and I knew him to be so straightforward in his ideas, that the readiest way of terminating all useless discussion, which was otherwise sure to arise, would be to let his interview with Mr. Clive take place as soon as possible.

" Returning, therefore, to the room where I had left him, I told him in a few words the message I had been entrusted with.

"'Is that all?' said he, evidently rather disappointed.

"'Yes,' I said, 'Mr. Lovel can give no decided answer until he has heard all you have to say—Una will be welcome to open her heart to him afterwards.'

"It would have been useless then to have acquainted either him or Una with the kindness and forethought which had dictated my grandfather's first observations to me about his grand-daughters' possible matrimonial prospects. It could have served no purpose but to confuse their thoughts, at a time when calmness and clearness of head were especially desirable; and it might have misled them into an over-confidence of my grandfather's ready acquiescence in the very moment when the wisdom, if not the kindness, of so general a promise of consent was severely tested by Mr. Clive's most unexpected proposal.

"I could not bear, however, that the effect of our excellent grandfather's kind intentions should be wholly lost; so I said, seeing Mr. Clive's hesitation—

"'You will find Mr. Lovel, if not prepared for a proposal which takes us all by surprise, at least most considerate and amiably disposed

in respect of any marriage which has its origin in the sincere affection of any of his grandchildren. I could assure Mr. Clive that, if no reasonable objection existed to his marriage with Una, he might at least feel certain that no unreasonable objection would be raised on the part of Mr. Lovel.'

"'Of that I am confident,' said he, and proceeded without further delay to my grandfather's room.

"I had now a short time for reflection: my position was singular—not yet twenty, I was already giving advice upon my sister's marriage —almost, it might be said, giving her away, and that to a man of whose estimable and eminent qualities I had myself formed the highest possible opinion, from the sentiments of my own heart. Nothing, I am sure, but the zealous interest I took in seeing my sister happy, could have borne me through the mental conflicts I experienced. My own peace of mind will be best consulted by not dwelling further upon that topic.

"Foreseeing that Mr. Clive's interview with my grandfather must necessarily be a long one, inasmuch as it would be incumbent on him not to dilate on the general subjects which had

been made the bulk of my conversation, but to enter into those details of his present means and future intentions which Mr. Lovel would naturally require, I turned my thoughts to Una, and the painful suspense she would be for some time kept in. I proposed to her to walk, or to occupy herself with me in any of her usual employments, but I found her unequal to it; and this, I must say, was the only occasion—a trying one, assuredly—on which I ever found her spirits in the slightest degree fail her.

"Mr. Clive remained closeted with my grandfather for above an hour and a half, and, though I do not know the particulars of their conversation, I can easily believe that it must have been one of anxious interest to both parties. Important as it was, it still could not be final as long as my father had to be consulted; and my grandfather was always most scrupulous, even in far smaller matters, in avoiding the least appearance of passing him by in what related to us.

"Una and I had retired to my own sitting-room, where we sat long in silence. My thoughts fully occupied me, and it was not until some time had passed that I looked at

her, and saw that she had been weeping. She had taken up a small Bible, which usually lay upon the table, and had evidently been deeply struck by some passage which she had been reading. She did not show it me, but, turning to me with a look full of affection, 'Dear sister,' she said, 'do you think that anything but the inward feeling of duty imposed upon me, could draw me from the happy home and the friends whose love has never forsaken me? I do most firmly believe that the vocation of Bernard Clive is the most glorious that man can be called to here on earth—his is a task that few can accomplish—none but those who feel that inward call which we are conscious comes only from on high. At a vast distance from his elevation, I feel also that I can be of use to him, and with him, among the heathen, and in those strange lands whither his duty calls him, and, by the blessing of God, I will not fail. I will say unto the Lord, 'Thou art my hope and my stronghold; my God, in him will I trust.' She laid down the book, and looked up to heaven with such an expression of saint-like confidence, that I felt an indescribable reverence for the ardent piety that could inspire it.

"At length, Mr. Clive rejoined us. He said he had no secrets from me, (alas, would I had kept mine from him!) and accordingly related the substance of his long conversation with Mr. Lovel.

"'You may suppose, that although the subject was, on my side, simple enough, it was much less so on that of your grandfather. He naturally, and most properly thought himself bound to ask of me an explanation not only of my ulterior views, but also of my means of accomplishing them. I gave one, most full and explicit; neither making light of the difficulties of the enterprise, nor concealing the chances there are of those difficulties being rather increased than otherwise in reality. I told him that Una, my Una, had already familiarized herself with the idea of hardship and privation in the service of her divine Master; when Mr. Lovel interrupted me saying, 'From the idea to the reality is so far, Mr. Clive, that you must excuse me if I require time for reflection, before I give my consent on so momentous a subject. I cannot even write to her father, until I have heard my Una's opinions and decision from her own lips.' Of course, I had no opposition to make to so reasonable a

proposal, and I am come partly to say that Mr. Lovel expects Una in his study in about half an hour.'

"I cannot express to you how much I venerate your excellent grandfather after hearing his sensible remarks upon this, to us, momentous subject. Everything he said was marked with the greatest kindness and consideration for myself as well as for Una, in whose behalf only he could be expected to regard my proposal. He said that he felt himself too near the grave to look on all worldly concerns but with a feeling of pity, if not of disgust; and that in proportion as what in the eyes of the major part of mankind would be thought an advantageous match for his granddaughter, sank in his estimation, so did the respect due to her feelings in choosing a religious one, rise to a degree that he thought I must appreciate, if no one else did. To the marriage itself he had no objection—the material difficulties alone in the case of so young a girl did, he confessed, stagger him. He must have time to consider, and, as she was so young, he called upon me, as I loved her, not to press for a hasty decision, either on his part or her father's. That is the sum of his communica-

tion. Good, excellent old man! he does not despise the humble labours, yet lofty vocation, of a Christian missionary—nor will his God despise him!

"Bernard was deeply moved, and both Una and myself, filled as we were with equal veneration for our grandfather, could not refrain from tears.

"It was now time for Una to seek the well-known study, that peaceful abode of well-employed leisure, where we had been in the habit, during long years, of repairing by turns, or together, to read to, or converse with our aged parent. There we had told our childish tales, and received sound and interesting instruction, in return. There had Una first read, nay, first spelled her Bible before that kind and pious grandfather whom she was about to quit for ever. She went gravely, as one who was under the influence of deep feeling, but calm and without agitation. She has nerve and courage equal to the goodness of her heart.

"Una's conversation was not long, and, as she told me afterwards, was nearly a repetition of what had passed between my grandfather and Mr. Clive; when she had arrived at his little table, and seated herself mechanically

on her own little stool by his side, then she owned to me that her calmness had forsaken her, and that she wept without restraint.

"My grandfather could not mistake the cause of her tears, or suspect that they arose from any doubt or misgiving in her own mind; that was not her character. He had much difficulty in commanding his own feelings, and Una told me that a sudden thought which crossed her mind, that any agitation might be seriously injurious to her grandfather, was the only thing that enabled her to check her own emotions.

"He began by telling her that he and her father had promised our mother, that her daughters' wishes should ever be regarded in their marriage, and that she had nothing to fear in the case of so admirable a man, and devoted servant of God, as Mr. Clive. He repeated much of what he had said to him, and to me, and ended by encouraging his youngest, tenderest child to speak her mind fully to her earliest natural protector.

"This she did, simply and feelingly I am sure, adding that her resolution was taken, and that she would patiently wait any length of time to obtain her father's consent, which she

implored her grandfather to intercede for. As for her own future fate, she would trust in God, and follow her appointed help-mate through the world and through life—saying, 'The Lord will not fail his people: neither will he forsake his inheritance.'

"My grandfather's character, calm and reflective as it was, did not want for decision; and I was not surprised at being called on the next morning to write a letter by his direction to my father, detailing the whole circumstances of the proposal, Una's unhesitating consent, subject only to his approval, and just enough of his own observations to prevent any appearance of formality, or of lurking disapprobation. He, at the same time, stated that he had requested Mr. Clive not to write until my father had replied to this letter. I, of course, abstained equally from writing to him in my own person, though I longed to do so in behalf of our dear Una's wishes.

"Our suspense, which was painful to the whole family, did not last so long as we expected. On the second day, my father came down post from London to Cheyne, and, without seeing my sisters or me, asked immediately to be admitted to my grandfather, with whom he

remained shut up nearly two hours. My grandfather then sent to desire I would come to him.

"On entering his room, I went directly to my father, whom I was surprised to see recovering from a considerable degree of agitation. I had never before seen him so moved, not by displeasure, but by some secret uneasiness of mind, which, fortunately, could not be remarked by Mr. Lovel. The traces of tears, which still marked his countenance, vanished as soon as he spoke to me in his accustomed kind voice, and his manner resumed its usual serenity when he began to touch upon the subject of Una's marriage. I was surprised and delighted when he said,—

"'Christabelle, I have made up my mind upon the step which is, I trust, to make our beloved Una's happiness for life. It is not without difficulty; but I promised your dear mother not to oppose any marriage that pleased any of my daughters, provided there was no doubt on the score of character. Mr. Clive, whom I have now the pleasure of knowing for some time, stands so high in point of moral worth, and of intellectual attainments in the eyes of all of his profession, that there cannot

be a shadow of objection on that score. My only lingering doubt is on the side of prudence. You have already discussed this with your grandfather, probably also with your sister, and must have formed your own opinion on the subject. Can you, under the circumstances of Una's youth, her enthusiastic but inexperienced mind, and the dangers and toils of a life of which she knows nothing, think that her attachment to Mr. Clive is sufficiently matured to authorize her taking upon herself the burthen she proposes, without fear of flinching hereafter from the task? Many set forth on the road to great and good deeds; but, alas! how few there are that faint not by the way!'

"My father, under the influence of his feelings, had caught so much of my grandfather's impressive manner, that I was greatly struck by a degree of solemnity I had not been accustomed to in him.

"'Yes, papa!' I said; 'I have perfect confidence in the earnest—I may say the religious —nature of Una's love for Mr. Clive.'

"'Then it is fixed. Mr. Lovel has been most generous. In addition to what may come to them hereafter, he will give Una ten thousand pounds, to which I can now add two thousand

more, with which they will start on an expedition which must cost money, however their disinterestedness may despise it. It is settled.'

"Here my father's agitation momentarily returned, when Mr. Lovel observed, after listening to all that passed in silence, that Una went forth pure as one of her own white doves, to seek a resting-place on the troubled waters of life; my father hardly knowing, of course, what he said, indistinctly muttered—'a sin-offering!'

"After this, my father had a long interview with Mr. Clive, which seemed to turn out perfectly satisfactory; and last of all with Una herself. The next day, Aunt Fanny and Ianthe were informed of it, to the surprise of both. My aunt highly disapproved of it, and her departure from Cheyne, which took place shortly afterwards, was rather hastened in order that she might avoid being present at a wedding to which she could not give consent. Ianthe was pleased with anything that pleased Una, and only a little displeased with herself that she had not been quick enough to find it out. She hoped Mr. Clive would not now look so reprovingly at her as she thought he did when she did not give such serious answers to his

questions as Una did. Mademoiselle Hoffmann was charmed to hear of a wedding, and that in the house, too: she took it for an omen that her own was not far off. In fact, she was married to our old friend Mayer in about two months afterwards.

"Mrs. Murray might have had ground for feeling hurt at not being let into the secret sooner, but she was too good either to feel or to show it. She had indeed guessed it; but thought best, as there was nothing to say against it, to say nothing at all till I informed her of it, by Una's desire. As may be supposed, we had both much conversation with her on the subject. Having been herself a happy wife, but for few years, of a most worthy man, a friend of Mr. Lovel's, who died young, she said she took a sad but warm interest in giving Una some little advice, which must be needful, even with the best of husbands, before she left us, which no one else about us was qualified to give.

"The wedding-day at last was fixed, but at some months' distance. Our time and thoughts were so taken up with preparations for it, and for Una's departure, still more, for the parting

with that dear sister herself, that I have had little time to write.

"Some of the occurrences of this interval, however, do deserve to be noticed. When the engagement of Una and Mr. Clive began to be known, various were the opinions formed of it. Of course, it was said, now Mr. Clive will give up his hard lot in the land of the heathen, for a far softer one in civilized England. No need to cross the globe to New Zealand, when some good preferment, with a lovely young bride, with fortune and connexions, is sure to await him at home. Little did they know the man, who reasoned thus. Incapable of appreciating his motives or his energy, they judged of him by themselves; as little did they understand the yet undeveloped character of Una.

"Of all who heard the news, and great is such news within the limited circle of a family or a household, none was so remarkably affected by it as our good old nurse, Mrs. Johnson. Una, as the youngest of all her charges, had ever seemed to be her favourite; and now that she was going to sea, as Mrs. Johnson termed it, the warm-hearted old nurse could not think of letting her darling little child go without her.

"'The sea is my element, my lady, you

know, and Captain Brydges, if he please, can remember it better than all your ladyships; and besides, didn't I promise and vow to my dear late lady-duchess, that I would never leave my young lady so long as I lived, if I liked to stay by her—and don't I like to stay?—for Lady Una is not grown up yet; I don't call her grown up, nor she won't be grown up till she gets to New Zealand. One place at sea is like another, and if I be old, I be strong and healthy; and though I never was there, I know all about it, because I've heard tell by them that does; some good friends that was in our ship, too, have been there, and we shall be quite at home there in no time . . . . . and I will go with Lady Una!' . . . . . .

"Here the poor woman's feelings so completely overcame her, that she burst into a flood of tears. It was necessary to promise her every thing, partly in the hope that when tranquil she would think better of it, and partly from seeing that, if she were able to go, Una could not have a more zealous or affectionate attendant. Johnson, her husband, in much fewer words, declared he was ready to emigrate; and my father and Mr. Lovel have arranged to settle them in the country as colonists, so

that the honest old couple may have a home of their own there, when, as must be the case, Una's journeyings up and down the land with Mr. Clive become too much for their advancing years.

"I was greatly delighted with this arrangement, as I had felt myself unable to select a proper person for Una's attendant under such new and trying circumstances.

"The wedding-day is nearly at hand. I feel the only way to keep up my spirits is to be constantly at work for Una. She has, of course, enough to do. Edmund Gray, now curate to Mr. Clive, is to officiate: this is a kind attention of my grandfather to the son of his old friend and clergyman of his parish, whom he has in this instance preferred to the Bishop of D——.

"The wedding-day draws nearer and nearer, and I grow more and more anxious, I may almost say nervous, about it. I will not analyze my own feelings; or rather I have done it so often, that I feel that I wear out my mind without use to myself, and destroy my last happy days with Una. Ianthe is truly sorry at Una's leaving us, but she has hardly got over the feeling of astonishment sufficiently to

understand the loss it will be to her. She will miss Una rather as a playfellow—she is still so childish—and I have no spirits now to supply the place. Early separations are inseparable evils to sisters; they sever affectionate but unformed hearts before they fully comprehend what sisterly love and trust may be through life: and Ianthe particularly needs a counsellor, a friend, on equal terms with her. Besides, her head is too full of Nicholas, who has just arrived to be present at the ceremony. Lord Haddon, who is constantly a guest here with his friend Mr. Clive, becomes daily a greater favourite with all the family, except Ianthe, whom he seems to admire more than ever, since the declaration of Una's marriage evidently permits him to hope that her elder sister, could she be prevailed upon, might be allowed to marry without delay. He has spoken to me on the subject, and has opened his heart so freely, that I am almost afraid lest, in returning his confidence as it deserves, I should unwittingly seem to under-rate my own sister. His religious notions are so earnest, so evidently the offspring of the heart, tempered at the same time with that perfect conviction of the necessity of an uncompromising behaviour towards the loose

and unsettled opinions of the age which a knowledge of the world will force upon the most charitably disposed Christian, that I sometimes think that his proper vocation would have been the Church; but his attached friend, Mr. Clive, maintains that every one has his proper sphere, and that Lord Haddon will be more eminently useful in his own.

"I can only advise patience and perseverance. I can never dissuade Ianthe from so excellent a marriage as this would be for her, though I cannot think of influencing her choice. I certainly do not like to leave Ianthe so exclusively in Nicholas's society as she wishes; and I see that, from treating her as a child, Nicholas has lately taken the tone of a lover towards her, which she, thoughtless girl, is but too willing to encourage. My father, too, seems to observe their intimacy with displeasure, as I remember he did on a former occasion.

"But the preparations for the wedding require so much of my attention, and my own wandering thoughts have need of any active business as a distraction, that I have thought of late almost exclusively of dear Una, and what to me seems her awful future. After it is all over, I shall redouble my care of Ianthe,

and I shall indeed want some treasure near the heart to supply her place. God grant I may succeed in making Ianthe as steady as dear Una!

"The wedding is over. My heart was at the time so full of contending emotions, that I had need of all my self-command to repress my feelings at parting with my sister—and parting with her to Bernard Clive. I am determined to write what I feel, notwithstanding; I find that the best method to clear my mind of vain, and now worse than useless, recollections.

"Una stood at the altar—fair, calm, and dove-like—by the side of her chosen, her beloved. Ianthe stood with me as her bridesmaid, still more beautiful, but utterly incapable of repressing her grief. Till now, she had scarcely fixed her mind upon the reality that Una must go. It was my hard task to support her nerves and my own. Una alone, calm, though I, who knew her heart, knew well that she felt deeply all the duties she took upon her that day, betrayed her feelings by nothing beyond a slight tremulousness of voice, which was appreciable only by those who knew her intimately. Audible she was, and clear in her articulation, repeating every word as distinctly

as in any other solemn form of the church. She raised not her eyes from the ground till she came to the solemn promise 'to obey:' then, turning them upon Bernard, she gave them that ineffable expression of holy love, which seemed to say, that in that word 'obey,' her heart found the acme of the love and honour which she promised with it. So is it in pure and devoted conjugal love: the heart gives itself to its own; can there, then, enter aught of doubt or hesitation in the utterance of its most sacred pledges? Bernard was grave, but happy, grave even beyond his wont, as if he felt not only his own responsibility, but that still weightier one he incurred in taking Una so young, so innocent and single-hearted, from her family and friends, through that far-wide world, to follow him. They plighted their troth in the old church of Cheyne, surrounded by ancestral monuments, and almost at the foot of our beloved mother's tomb.

"Oh! what a host of recollections then crowded into my mind! How nearly present did that mother seem to be among her children! who have never forgotten the little they were permitted to know of her, but who devoutly cherish the faint, but not faded, memory.

"Edmund Gray, who officiated in the place his venerable father would have filled, celebrated the rite with solemnity and feeling, being in every respect a friend of the family. We were all friends there that day; though the church was thronged, no strangers were asked. The whole parish were our friends, and Una was the friend of all.

"The school children made part of her company, and she had chosen four of the elder girls to stand next to Ianthe and me, in new dresses which she had given them, as she wished that her last religious ceremony as a parishioner should be specially witnessed by those who were old enough to remember it, and to whom she knew that she had stood in place of an example as a child, and to whom she was now preparing to be an example as a wife.

"All were affected: there was not a dry eye among them.

"Una passed from the altar to her father's arms, supported by her husband. 'God bless you, my dear child! your mother, whose image you are—Cornelia—blesses you!' I never saw him so unnerved. She then flung herself into our arms, and kissed Ianthe and me with heartfelt affection: sought out my grandfather, who

had sat quietly but mournfully in his seat during the whole ceremony, and only then, when nature would no longer bear the severe tension which had been exercised over her feelings, our poor Una fell upon his neck and burst into unrestrained tears. His, also, dear grandfather, fell fast and silently. He kissed her tenderly, and gave her almost inaudibly that blessing which, bestowed by reverend old age on blooming youth, seems to carry with it something more of Heaven, than the common good wishes of our fellows.

"We were all deeply affected, and it was not until Mr. Clive saw that it was necessary to close the scene, did we attempt to move homewards.

"Una walked, supported on one side by her husband, on the other by me, and, as we left the church-door, whispered to me, 'Where is dear Mrs. Murray? I never saw her from the moment we entered the church.' The fact was, that Mrs. Murray, feeling inwardly as a mother for her young daughter, now launched into a very wide, if not a wicked world, struggled to avoid betraying herself, and had kept immediately behind Ianthe during the whole service; and afterwards, when Una was giving her last

embraces to her nearest and dearest relations, Mrs. Murray, worthy as any to receive the warmest marks of gratitude and affection from Una, preferred, with that innate delicacy which was her character, to let her heart expand itself among her own family, rather than to put herself forward at such a moment. Now, however, on hearing her name from Una's lips, she came up and took my place, which Una insisted on her keeping all the way to the house.

"Everybody behaved well that day, even Nicholas, who was quiet, and seemed really touched at Una's departure from the family. Nothing could be more simple than the ceremony—there was no attempt at adornment beyond the customary nosegays that every one carried, and which the school-girls, vying in their desire to testify regard for their late patroness, had contrived to make of the most unusual dimensions. Even Mayer and Mdlle. Hoffmann, though by no means out of spirits as to their own prospects, had it not in their hearts to get up the least display of fancy or of pageantry for an occasion where their own good taste, or rather their fellow-feeling with a family with whom they had lived so long, told them it would be out of place.

"It had been arranged that, all preparations having been made for the voyage to New Zealand, the wedding should take place as shortly as possible before their sailing. This had now been announced as being fixed for a very few days from the date of the ceremony, and we were consequently all to move to Southampton for the final parting with our loved, our now devoted Una. My grandfather would not hear of being left behind. He said, with unusual energy, that he was his grandchild's natural guardian—that my mother would have expected it of him; that, as it was the will of God he should survive his daughter, her father was as much bound to be the instrument of her will as she would have been of his in the course of nature; and that at his age it was the last melancholy satisfaction he should probably live to enjoy. My father, who saw that it would make him miserable to leave him at Cheyne, agreed to the plan, and we all set forth on our mournful journey to the port of Una's departure.

"We journeyed to Southampton without passing through London—it being a particular wish of Mr. Clive's that Una, who had never been there, should commence her active life

without ever having seen that overgrown, and, to one of his views, disheartening capital. Nor did any of us desire to go there. The journey from Cheyne—from home, in a word—to any place that was not home, was a first step in our Una's life-long career. We were impatient to see it begun—and with this feverish idea wearing our spirits, we pressed forward to Southampton.

"One day we rested. That day was actively employed by Mr. Clive and his friends in visiting the ship, and making everything comfortable on board for Una—I might say for Una and her dove—for that snow-white emblem of innocence was to be her living care during the voyage. She had begged to take it with her as one dear remembrance of her youth and happy home. We had all given her some wedding present, at her own request, of the plainest and most useful character. She was going to a land and a life where all was stern reality—where ornament and culture there was none, save in the mental qualities of those who emigrate. My father alone gave her one trinket that could not be refused. It was my mother's portrait in a small oval-locket set in diamonds, left to the first of her daughters who

might marry; strange that it should fall to the youngest!

"We were anxious my grandfather should have full repose that day, lest his nerves might fail him on the morrow. Sad, silent, but expressive, it passed in small conversations, broken, for we were sick at heart. We could not bear the parting, nor dare to wish that we were parted.

"The dreaded moment came at last. My father and I agreed that it would be best that Una should take leave of my grandfather at night on his retiring to rest, which he did early, and that we should all see her early the next morning before she went on board, whither he recommended that nobody should accompany her except Lord Haddon and himself. Mr. Clive had offered to show us all the day before how comfortably he had arranged Una's cabin, which we had done; but neither Ianthe, who was now more visibly lowered in spirits than any of us, nor myself, could look at the cramped accommodations and confined space, however trimly fitted up, with any degree of satisfaction. Chintz, and gilding, and polished mahogany, looked so out of place with the smell of tar and old junk. Could one suppose the most

luxurious boudoir tossing up and down in the wide Atlantic, it would only give one the idea of a continual earthquake, danger out of the question.

"So at night, when my grandfather's valet came to assist him to bed at nine o'clock, Una, who was prepared, rose, and beckoned the man to leave the room until called for. She went up to the side of his arm-chair, and taking his hands, as had often been her custom in order to point out where she was, she knelt down gently at his feet, she threw an instant glance at her husband as if to gain courage, and then, covering her face with his hands and hers, articulated—'Dearest grandpapa, bless us!'

"Mr. Clive, whose extreme reverence for age belonged to the deep piety of his mind, and whose feelings were at this time much worked upon by the circumstances of his departure, independently of his veneration for the character of Mr. Lovel, would have knelt with her, but Una caught his hands to join them with hers, and repeated more audibly —'Dear grandpapa, bless us!'

"Mr. Lovel, who could not but be aware, from the tears that flowed from Una's eyes, now buried between his hands and Mr. Clive's,

that this was indeed the parting, the final, interview for him upon this earth with his beloved grand-daughter and her husband, was deeply moved.

"'May the Almighty bless you, my two dear children, and protect you in the way in which you are to walk! Be ever the same to all as you have been to your poor grandfather, the joy and comfort of his old age, and the daily and now hourly subject of thanks to God for the years that you have been lent to him on earth! The world is closing on me. His mercy has allowed it to do so slowly, and in presence of my children, in whom my Cornelia seems never absent from me. Bless you, bless you then, my child—my children!'

"Pausing from emotion, he laid his hand upon Una's head, which she raised, and kissed him, for the last time, with a tender and deep reverence. My father, whose attention to Mr. Lovel was now unremitting, watched this scene with anxiety, and seized the moment to raise Mr. Lovel and to lead him to the door, where we found his valet waiting. We accompanied him to his room, Una never leaving hold of his hand, which she bedewed with silent tears. Here it was necessary to put him under the care

of his servant, and Una's hand once being released, I saw it was time to take her quickly back to her apartment. There I left her, but not till after a private conversation, in which, now restored to her habitual calmness, she showed herself to me all that a sister can be in affection, and more than most of her age in sober, unimpassioned views of what may be her future life. This mild, sensible cast of mind, and her equable temperament, will, I doubt not, frequently be most useful to so enthusiastic a disposition as that of her husband. I left her to take the repose she much needed.

"Mr. Clive intended to try to make himself useful on the voyage, by teaching the emigrants embarked in the same ship with them. Una, supposing that she was well enough, promised to write a journal of all she saw, and, what was far more important, of all she felt, from the time of her leaving us, which journal was to be our common property.

"The next—the fatal morning—came. We were all up at daybreak; none of us I am sure had slept. Mr. Clive took his final leave of us and hurried on board, leaving Una to follow in an hour with papa and Lord Haddon, to see her safely lodged in the vessel that was to bear

her far from her home, from her family, and the dear friends of her childhood.

"Papa was extremely anxious and nervous; without Lord Haddon, he would have been able to do little. At last, when we saw him take his hat, and look at the clock, and ask whether the ship's boat was come, we saw it was time to part indeed; and then Una, who had the most self-command of any of us, because she was forced to have a purpose, beckoned Ianthe and me into the next room for what we felt must be the final adieu.

"She took both our hands, and then, with an expression I shall never forget, looked at each of us in turn without uttering one word. What, indeed, was there to say? Where the language of the heart is perfectly well known, and where sisterly love and affection have existed unbroken from infancy to maturity, when every thing that can be said has been said, and where full confidence interprets all that cannot be said, words are but weak, powerless modes of giving form to the ever-changing thoughts that crowd upon the brain in a moment like that.

"Una read our hearts, and was satisfied. We had no misunderstandings to make up, no

explanations, no need of impressing on each other's minds a prayer for constant love and remembrance; all that was there already. Such as we were, truly loving sisters, we felt that we should remain.

"My father here rushed in abruptly, and saying, 'Una, the boat!' took her by the hand, and hurried her off beyond the power of return. Lord Haddon followed in silence. One convulsive embrace was all that was allowed to us. All passed like the vision of some rapid and feverish dream. Where was Nicholas?—he had not shown himself the day before, nor that morning either. Was he not like a brother to us, as he had been? Was he not animated with the same kindly sentiments that had made him, when a boy, always the first on an expedition, by land or water, whenever there was any thing to do? I fear not—a great change had come over him of late. We saw him an hour after, rowing about the harbour in a small boat by himself, moody and saturnine.

"My father had peremptorily forbidden Ianthe, who much wished it, to attempt seeing Una on board. I, for my part, did not desire it. She was gone, that dear child, gone from

my care, to walk the wide world under the care of a good, but too enthusiastic husband. Fervently did we recommend her to the protection of the Almighty, as the ship, her sails now filled with a favouring breeze, floated majestically down the waters of Southampton.

On his return, my father seemed dispirited beyond what I had expected. We dined early for the sake of Mr. Lovel, who was very low and exhausted. Mrs. Murray kindly endeavoured to cheer him in the evening by reading, as we did at home; but it was of no use. Everybody thought of Una, yet all seemed shy of the name. Grandpapa once asked, 'Is Una gone?' as if what had passed last night were a dream, and then wept silently. We passed a wretched evening.

"The next day, we returned slowly to Cheyne, except my father and Lord Haddon, who went straight to town. Nicholas escorted us to Cheyne, but shewed such a wayward temper and disagreeable manner, that I was rejoiced when we came to the journey's end. He is now become exceedingly satirical, and, when in good-humour, is quite as caustic and severe as, when out of temper, he is cross and unjust to every one. He seems always kept

down by the presence of my father, who has been exceedingly liberal to him, and has lately increased his allowance. Still, there is no cordiality between them. He could not bear Mr. Clive when he was here, nor conceal his joy that he is gone. I cannot explain all this. One day he said he should have liked an expedition to storm Heki's Pah, in New Zealand, beyond anything—it would just have suited him; 'so it would; why did he not sell out and go?' 'Because he could not bear the psalm-singing missionaries. He would rather go with nobody but good old Johnson, a fellow worth twenty priests, and they could make their way in the bush; but he wanted no Ebenezers to help him. Even Clive's best friend, Lord Haddon, would not go with him.'

"'He would have gone willingly,' said I, 'could he have been of service.'

"'Little prospect of success, then, I guess.'

"'Success may or may not attend him, Nicholas, but his deserts will be the same.'

"'Well, some men are born for that, I suppose; in some countries, Clive's enthusiasm would make him a fine leader of irregular horse—a guerilla-chief—pity it is thrown away! He has his admirers, however, it seems.'

"'Such a character is likely to have them. Una is devoted to him.'

"'Oh, Una, of course! the most childish of all children. What possessed her to run wild among the cannibals, poor little thing? I pity her; she knew no better.'

"'I will not reason with you, since you set your face against them,' said I, and there the conversation dropped. I was not equal to carrying it on against one so unwilling to be convinced. We do not quarrel, that would be ridiculous; but he is very cross when I will not agree with him. He pretends to prefer Ianthe—I almost wish he did; but I am convinced he does not care for her, though she likes listening to him.

"My return home has been a very melancholy one. My grandfather was not well on the journey, and still seems to feel the effects of it both in health and spirits. I feel more than ever alone. The loss of dear Una is greater to me than I had anticipated. Though so much younger, we were so well suited, and now I try to make more of a friend of Ianthe, but it is not the same thing. How I reproach myself for not having attended more closely to her in early youth; and that I must have ne-

glected her is too apparent, though I know not when! It weighs heavy on my soul; and Mrs. Murray is unhappy at seeing her buoyant spirits overcome all sound and useful purposes of occupation. I was unconsciously thinking of my own little ditty, made in youthful days, during my first absence from Cheyne, and singing mournfully to myself—

—"Ianthe steer'd,
Una was by my side."

The words struck my heart with pain, as with a violent blow, when I reflected how little able was Ianthe now to steer her course, and that dear Una would never more be seated by my side in this world. I gave way to grief—I wept passionately, and for the first time in my life felt how solitary the mind may be even in the midst of friends.

"My absences from Cheyne had been so few, that the return home was itself a novelty. The next morning, restless and occupied with melancholy forebodings in different ways in regard to both my sisters, I strolled out, and my feet, unbidden, took the way so natural to them, towards our little garden. There I could sit in perfect retirement in that fragrant arbour made with our own hands, and first pre-

pared for me by my sisters on my return from London, after my illness, many years before. Here, the world was excluded; every thing told of them, and only of them. I saw them as they had been, children, in every group of flowery shrubs, now almost trees, in every walk and labyrinth which Ianthe had planned in sport to puzzle me, and which Una had planted with the still growing flowers to please me. These were not changed—nature is often provokingly the same; but something must be changed—was it my sisters, or myself? We were all older, and age must change all and often in very different degrees, and then I thought I was unjust to Ianthe, and that I expected too much from Una: but so it was, I could not blind myself to the world's new aspect to me, except by my tears, which flowed freely.

"At that moment Nina, Una's favourite gazelle, the only remaining of her numerous pet creatures—she had taken her white dove, Blanche, with her in the ship—came bounding up to me, having got loose from her little paddock. The poor animal suddenly stopped at a few paces distance from me, and looking steadfastly at me, advanced with cautious steps till

she came to my knees, seeking for the hand that had been used to feed her. Still fixing on me her lustrous eyes, with an expression of doubt and inquiry not to be mistaken, poor Nina, re-assured by my voice, but anxiously looking round for another, laid her delicately-formed head in my lap, and closed her eyes, already dimmed by a tear. Who can tell what passes in the limited intelligence of what we are pleased to call brutes? If they have not range of mind, they have instinctive faculties beyond those of man; they show indications of true and devoted attachment to us, and among themselves, which too often surpass those of the heart of man in all his pride of sentiment, or of understanding.

"Ianthe was fond of animals, too, but did not understand them, nor they her: she was too hasty, and scared them away from her when she would invite them. Luckily, this time, Nina and I had all our sorrowful reflections entirely to ourselves.

"Feeling myself not capable of any sedulous employment, owing to the various causes which had occurred to disturb my usually tranquil state of mind, I endeavoured to turn my growing habit of musing and walking alone to some

purpose, by always taking up a subject of interest to reflect upon, even when apparently unoccupied. This was in fact no better than giving way to reveries and absence of mind, and far from being a good practice in general; but I was afraid of a return of illness such as I had once had in London, and I adopted this plan as a substitute for study, which I could ill support in-doors, while air and exercise were recommended to me.

"In one of these moods, on a fine evening, I strolled out after dinner, late, when the moon was up, to enjoy my favourite terrace of green. I was alone, Mrs. Murray never now going out in the evening, and seldom walking much even in the morning. I had ample food for my thoughts.

"Una was the first object: but the impossibility of knowing anything of her progress soon reduced my dreams of her to actual fact. She was gone; that summed up every thing. I then thought of the strange conduct of Nicholas; of Ianthe's evident infatuation, which he encourages, I am sure, to annoy me. His sarcasms upon Mr. Clive and his pursuits—now he is gone, too—can only be meant to vex me —I am sure, alas! even Nicholas knows not

how far he succeeds there. He shall not, however, disturb me.

"I went on towards the observatory, walking slowly, and thinking still more seriously about Ianthe. Mrs. Murray says she thinks it would really be good for a girl of her lively temper to see a little more society, and to go for a season to London. I would go with her, though I hate the thought of it. She wants a diversity of objects.

"These evening walks were a great consolation to me; they reminded me of former times, when I used to go with my grandfather to his observatory, and listen with delight to his instructions. To him, in fact, I owe every thing; he gave me principle, steadiness, and the rudiments of what learning I have, and more, the taste and discrimination to profit by what I learn.

"Since he has been confined to his apartment, I sit with him part of every morning and evening in his study, listening with delight to the many remembrances of his early days, which he is now fonder than ever of recalling. He talks now composedly about Una and Mr. Clive; and speaks not without some anxiety, but with less apprehension, of misfortune to

them than he did at first. Their respective character seems perfectly appreciated by him: Una was always openness itself, and Mr. Clive was never in the habit of making a mystery of his sentiments. Of Ianthe he spoke with affection, but with a certain fear of her volatile disposition, which he recommended me to watch over, if possible, till she married.

"My confidence in my grandfather was bounded only by the fear of causing him trouble or anxiety. I knew how slowly the aged seem to change the current of their thoughts; and I feared to give him unwelcome subjects of meditation. Nevertheless, I felt as if I should be guilty of hypocrisy if I did not avow to him the warm attachment which I had felt for Mr. Clive, and with a painful effort, which it cost me much to overcome, I made him acquainted with the whole story. Now that he was Una's husband, now that he was far beyond the seas, I felt mistress of the secret, and I felt relieved when I had recounted all, together with the assurance of the perfect mastery I had gained over my unhappy passion. All, I say, for I felt obliged in truth and conscience to mention, also, the impassioned declaration of love I had received from Nicholas, and the

instant rejection of his offer. I did not conceal the struggles that these events had cost me, and I poured forth my whole soul into the bosom of that beloved parent, whose unvarying kindness I had experienced during all my life.

"My grandfather heard me with fixed attention, and when I had ended,—

"'Christabelle,' said he, feebly; 'I am old, and cannot live to see you much farther on the walk of life. May God bless you, and prosper you in the way you have begun so virtuously, so nobly, and give you grace to continue in it, a blessing to your sister and yourself, and a comfort to your father in his old age!'

"My heart responded to his prayer, and I was rising to leave the room when he stopped me—saying, that he could not have consented to my marrying Nicholas, whose character he thought not sufficiently fixed on many points, to be a suitable companion to me through life.

"'I wish the young man no ill,' said he, (dear grandpapa, as if he could wish ill to any one!) 'but whoever weds my darling child, must be something more exalted, more like herself.'

"We often went over the same ground; for my grandfather did not now often choose any topic except what related to the family, or to the thoughts naturally occurring to a pious mind on the verge of eternity. Mrs. Murray sometimes took part in our converse, sometimes read to my grandfather, which was his chief enjoyment.

"One evening I left them thus employed, and wandered out to the grass-terrace, to indulge in the reflections excited by the conversation I had just left.

"What awful thoughts press upon any one, no matter at what age, who has daily to contemplate the gradual progress of a life towards its extinction! Here was I, in youth, in health for the present, in constant attendance on my grandfather, whose mental and physical decline was now more than ever visible to my eyes. He seldom left his apartment, liked being talked to, and read to, especially by Mrs. Murray, who has a talent for it, besides a most agreeable voice; but says little himself. When he speaks, it is slow, but always good sense, always to the purpose, always turning with the benevolence of his nature. But no new subject has an interest for him; he does not

readily bend his mind from the few familiar ideas on which it now dwells, to topics which have no attraction for him, and which, perhaps, it requires a little effort of reason to master completely. I look on him with redoubled love and veneration, as one who is already many steps nearer to Heaven than I am.

"Here I found myself approaching the observatory, which had so many early reminiscences for me, in connexion with my dear grandfather. Whenever I approached that spot, it seemed as if the stars that glitter in that everlasting firmament were better known to me, as if the scheme of the Universe, imperfectly as I could comprehend it, was yet more intelligible to me in that well-known haunt than it was elsewhere, and that in this favoured locality I was endued with a higher faculty of perception than in any other. Nor was this quickened sense confined to the objects of sight alone; I then fancied I could judge more clearly of hidden things pertaining to my future fate, and of the chances of my own and my sisters' lot and unhappiness in life. But I always tried to check these tendencies to ruminate on the dark and doubtful pages of futurity, lest, as Mrs. Murray had often warned me, I

should fall into superstitious dreaming, such as has often been induced by the wonderful study of God's greatest mystery—the construction and design of the Universe.

"I thought of Una, I thought of Bernard, so I called him to myself, when by myself; I tried to scan their hard but useful career; I wished to be like them, but felt my duties were at home. I thought of Ianthe, the generous, free-spirited girl, so ready to act, to direct, and guide all but herself, when, lo! I thought I saw her in the moonlight.

"It was nothing. The current of my meditations had perhaps made me nervous and apprehensive; for the mind, however humble and submissive to the ways of Providence, whatever they may be, will at times feel the influence of external circumstances; and, certainly, the thoughts which had occupied me, whether in regard to my grandfather or my sisters, were none of the most cheering for a solitary moonlight walk.

"I went on, and turned back again. I was restless, and could not regain my composure. I was not cold; on the contrary, I felt a glow of feverish anxiety that I could not account for. After walking some distance along the grass

terrace on my return towards the house, I determined to conquer my weakness, and turned once more towards the observatory. When I had approached within a few paces, I again thought I heard something, when suddenly the moon, which had been partially hidden behind a cloud, burst forth with unusual splendour, and illumined the white temple of the observatory and all the green lawn around it. But it discovered more.

"Could my eyes deceive me? Was it that, having Ianthe so recently, nay, prominently in my thoughts, the likeness that I saw before me was but a vision of my heated imagination?

"Alas! no. I saw two figures by the steps of the temple, one seated—it was Ianthe! the other, Nicholas, kneeling at her feet! Their hands were clasped; their attention, engrossed by their own dialogue, which I could partly hear, prevented them from being roused by my approach. I remember, too, fortunately, that I was in the shade, for it gave me a moment to pause and collect myself.

"I then stepped forward, and called Ianthe. Startled at the sound of my voice, she arose, and seeing at once that it was I who spoke,

burst into tears, and fell upon my neck in an agony of mingled shame and contrition. She could not speak. I silently passed my arm round her, and was leading her away, when Nicholas, his dark brow contracted with anger and passion, broke into a torrent of violent words, which I was obliged to hear, but which I secretly resolved should have no effect on me.

"'You come to watch by moonlight, Christabelle, but to watch what? Is it the stars and planetary motions, or the movements of humbler individuals on the earth? Cold and passionless, like the moon, your patroness, you look down upon the warmer heart of your lovely sister. Why interfere in loves that are beyond your orbit? Ay, Ianthe loves me! Is it not true, Ianthe?'

"Ianthe sobbed violently.

"'No earthly power shall separate us. She knows my love, she knows my heart, my character, my resolution, not easily turned aside. Yes, Ianthe has even now confessed her love, and willingness to be my wife—in spite of family pride, of the duke, of you! Is it not true, Ianthe?'

"Ianthe's sobs increased almost to hysterics.

"'Nicholas,' I answered solemnly, 'you know the authority by which I interfere in behalf of my motherless, my now almost only, sister. You know I can barely remember that dear mother and her commands; but her few words dwell graven in my heart as the words of yesterday. And I know the blessing of God will be on me as I fulfil them. You know, Nicholas, still better than I, for you are older, what loving heart was lodged in that mother's breast; you have often spoken to me of her appearance, her voice, which are all but unknown to me, and of her sweet benignity to all—which all repeat to me; and would you have me neglect the welfare of the dear sister she has bequeathed to me? She even left to me, Nicholas, a last command to me, young as I was, ever to think of you as our brother. As such you have ever been to me; I beseech you, break not that hallowed tie. Can you be so ungrateful? Can you try to draw the daughter of that mother into a clandestine engagement, unsanctioned by her father, by her grandfather, now as you must see, good unsuspecting old man, with one foot in the grave? I appeal to you Nicholas, alone; for, wrong as this poor girl certainly is, it was

not for you to engage her, at her young and inexperienced age, in a hasty promise of marriage, unknown to all her family.' I paused from emotion.

"Ianthe leant heavily on my arm, and seemed almost senseless. Nicholas was dreadfully agitated. I continued—

"'My sister's happiness is now my first object in life; worldly considerations have no part in all I am saying to you. I cannot think you as you are, with your present imperfections of temper and unsettled principles—I cannot, I say, think you a fitting guide for one so ignorant of the world as Ianthe.

"'All I ask is, that you will now, as you must feel you are bound to do in honour, separate from her, promise not to correspond with her, or to draw her into a premature and ill-advised engagement.

"'If hereafter,' . . . . . here I paused, fearful lest I should say too much. 'If hereafter . . . you should change; . . . but it is better not to look too far into the future. What I say is but for the present.' I paused again, much against my will, since I felt the necessity of resolution; but I was failing in strength. Nicholas, to my surprise, said

nothing—he stood immoveable as one transfixed.

"I proceeded. 'This is my imperative duty, Nicholas, and I do not shrink from it. I demand your separation from Ianthe, in the name of our sisterly childhood, which you cannot yet have forgotten—in the name of her father.'

"'I know perfectly all I owe the duke,' rejoined Nicholas, impatiently; 'why remind me of it at this moment?'

"'Let me go on,' I continued. 'It is not of her and of my father alone I am to remind you—remember that good, that kind old man, whom we left a few hours ago happy in the circle of his grand-children, thanking God every night—which at his age may be his last—for the harmony and virtue he sees about him; would you disturb the peace of mind of such a man as Mr. Lovel, who has never been otherwise to you than as to one of us; and in forcibly breaking up the sacred ties of family, by the disobedience of his grand-child, bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?'

"'Christabelle, it is too much,' cried Nicholas, with vehemence; 'good old Mr. Lovel, he at least has the blood of your mother—he has

her heart, her inextinguishable benevolence to others; . . . but you, Christabelle, and the duke . . . '

"'Nicholas!' I exclaimed, roused at his words and tone.

"'I have done,' he returned, sullenly.

"'My mother would require it of you were she here; and of you, too, Ianthe,' said I sadly, but solemnly, turning to the almost inanimate form of my sister, still supported by my arm.

"'Enough,' cried he, 'that word has subdued me. Would to God she were here!' He then turned away, and without giving one look towards the fainting girl, whose heart he had irrecoverably wounded, he seized my hands, and, in a hoarse choking whisper, muttered,—

"'It is your work, Christabelle — this folly of ours, you understand me; but you shall be obeyed.' Then casting a passionate, but reproachful glance on me, he darted off into the shrubbery, and, as I afterwards heard, left Cheyne for London that very night.

"Long did I remain, that eventful night, sitting with my weak, but still dear sister, on the steps of the temple. I held her hands in mine—I kissed her—I bade her take comfort

from me. I assured her of my forgiveness of her disingenuous conduct, would she but receive and follow my counsel.

"I pointed to the brilliant canopy above our heads, and implored her, by her love for our mother's memory, and yet more for the sake of the still living parent, who may be nearly on his death-bed, to discard all unsanctioned schemes, and to remember what she owes to her family and to herself.

"'Think not, dear sister,' I said, 'that I give you empty words of advice, and think my duty ended. Long have you been the subject of my thoughts and of my care—daily and hourly have I prayed for strength to be enabled to fill the place of a mother to you, and to our dear lost Una.'

"Here poor Ianthe's tears flowed afresh. 'Would that I were as good as Una!' she sobbed—

"'And so you may be,' answered I, 'if you steadfastly pray and try to be so. But if you feel, as I am sure you partly do, your present weakness of purpose and of character, which at your age, and with no experience, is not a fault, provided you are sensible of it, and endeavour to amend it, you must see that

Nicholas is not yet arrived at an age or a degree of steadiness which would enable him to guide your footsteps safely through the world. He must change much ere he could be a fit husband for you, Ianthe.

"'Promise me then now, dearest, as to a loving sister and guardian, that you will enter into no engagement or correspondence without my knowledge; be open with me on this, as on all other subjects; and, above all, be assured that I do not exact this sacrifice as a deference to be paid to an elder sister, but that I am ready at any time to listen to your thoughts, and to explain to you my motives should they appear obscure or unreasonable.'

"Ianthe, deeply moved, raised herself with an effort from the step on which she was sitting, and threw herself into my arms.

"'I promise, solemnly promise, dear Christabelle, to do all that you desire of me. I am convinced that all you wish is for my good. I know the tender care with which you have watched over me, and I know that our dear mother, whose memory to me is but a name, bequeathed us to you as her most precious charge. In that name, dear to both of us, I promise.'

" Her tears fell on my cheek as she said this, and kissed me in token of her acquiescence. We then returned slowly towards the house, arm in arm, in silence, but not the less in unison of spirit. How often is silence the best interpreter of the heart: what tedious mockery are words and sentences to an excited mind! Those bright stars, now waning towards morning, for it was indeed past midnight, were our solemn, silent witnessess.

" Our late walks in summer were nothing unusual, and passed without remark. But on entering the house, I found Mrs. Murray still sitting up in the drawing-room, where I immediately joined her.

" ' I was uneasy for you, my dear,' said she; ' these late walks are not good for you. Besides, Mr. Lovel has been inquiring for you; and where is Ianthe?'

" ' I recommended her to go to bed, as she is not quite well to-night: but grandpapa, what does he want me for?'

" ' He is far from well, I fear,' said Mrs. Murray sorrowfully, and as I thought with a certain significance, that alarmed me. I sent without delay to let my grandfather know I

was come in, and was immediately summoned to his apartment.

"I found him very languid, but so evidently rejoiced to see me, that I felt a reproach of conscience for having been so long absent from him. But if I had not taken my evening walk, I should not have met with Ianthe, and the moment for saving her from an ill-starred marriage would have been lost. How little do we know what is good or ill chance! I believe there are more accidental combinations for good than for evil in this life. A few minutes later, and Ianthe might have been irrevocably entangled. It has been finely said, that 'passions are the gales of life;' and it is our part to take care that they do not rise into a tempest, involving its course in destruction.

"Being in no mood for rest, although mentally fatigued by the trial I had undergone in the former part of the evening, I resolved upon sitting up to watch by my grandfather's bedside. He was perfectly tranquil, and, satisfied with seeing me there, either dozed, or did not attempt to speak.

"Left to my own meditations, I had abundant food, and that not of a cheering nature, for

my thoughts. Una's image, itself a subject of anxiety, had been chased by the more immediate trouble caused by the conduct of Ianthe, and now that was to give way to the long foreseen yet dreaded approach of my beloved grandfather's dissolution: how soon I could not tell, but his decline was certain. I could not have slept had I tried, and was content to wait in an easy-chair till morning dawned.

"At an early hour, my maid called for me, and I left my place by the bedside to my grandfather's old and attached servant. As I passed Ianthe's door, I looked in, and saw her sleeping with a tear on her flushed cheek: how different was Una's sleep! God grant her strength and resolution!"

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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